

November 1978
\$

HEAVY METAL

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36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



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photograph by Joey Green

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Folks:

This is just to inform you that I think your politics are as psychotic and enlightened as those of David Bowie. That "Heilman" story this issue really bugged me out. And if the cover on this issue is supposed to be an answer to feminist criticism, well, conscious or otherwise, you got to be kidding. I don't believe you revived "Barbarella," that's all. I was really enthusiastic when the magazine first appeared. I was hoping for the underground gone over. Can't those Europeans imagine anything between, beyond, or through nomadic horde apocalypse and super-sex space trek? Man a day. The whole underlying tension of your magazine is rape/sadism/bondage in all its forms. I buy your crummy magazine for one or two stories a month, and because I'm a newsstand freak of some standing, but I think I just convinced myself that your dollar and a half would be better invested with the Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.

James E. Von Looy
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Jim: But enough about us. Let's talk about you. Gettin' much? — Eds.

Dear Editors:

Ah, people! I would like now to sincerely commend you for your most estimable production, *Heavy Metal*. The artwork varies between very good and excellent; the scripting and plain (?) fiction lies also in that range somewhere; and by the time that one has completed a thorough cover-to-cover savoring, one realizes that you are rather cruel humans. You tease us with only a small portion of the type of material we would enjoy much longer than you allow. Break out the whips 'n' stuff and get those artists and writers supplying a few hundred more pages each month. We could handle it, believe me.

I must say that I especially relished "Ozone Alley" in the May issue, and Bihannic and Drnillet's contribution to the July mag.

Also, is there any way ns common folk can get a hold on a poster-size reproduction of the July edition's back cover? It is magnificent.

Armand L.B. Christopherson
Springside, Saskatchewan

Dear Armand: No sooner said... the Caldwell July cover is about to be released as a poster, first in our line. (Can *Heavy Metal* lunch buckets be far behind?) Watch this space for publication date. — Eds.

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Art Assistant: Bill Workman
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Design Director: Peter Kleinman
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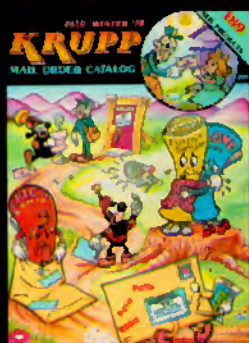
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...HENCEFORTH...

"What's Wrong with This Picture?" is a game popular with Sunday kiddie page readers, Zaprunder film-watchers, and, well . . . us. Every issue, we like to include a couple of little — what we in the lucrative publishing game call — "typos." It is not easy to make mistakes in a magazine that goes to press four months before it goes on sale. There is time — too much time — to make corrections. The prying eyes of managing and copy editors often spot the work of what we in the fiscally rewarding printing trade call "gremlins."

So, it was no easy task, as you can imagine, getting the pages of Ellison's "Croatoan" out of sequence in September. Palms were crossed with silver, disguises donned, tapes erased. Last month it was simple, by comparison, convincing the printer to leave author-artist Gray Morrow's name off the title panel of his strip "Orion," and having the word "calendar" dropped out of the calendar ad.

This month has been a bitch. We thought of running "Gail" backwards, but realized no one would notice. Everything else was arriving in tamper-proof packages from France and England. It looked hopeless. And then, it happened.

The Chaykin/Delany **Empire** book excerpt, which we had planned to run in December, got bumped forward to



this edition. Chaos, glorious chaos! Art director Workman took a run and slam-dunked 20 color pages into the middle of the book. Wonder how it'll all turn out?

Next month, if everything goes according to plan (snicker, snicker), we will have a 12-page Moebius detective story for your Yuletide delectation. But, maybe not . . .

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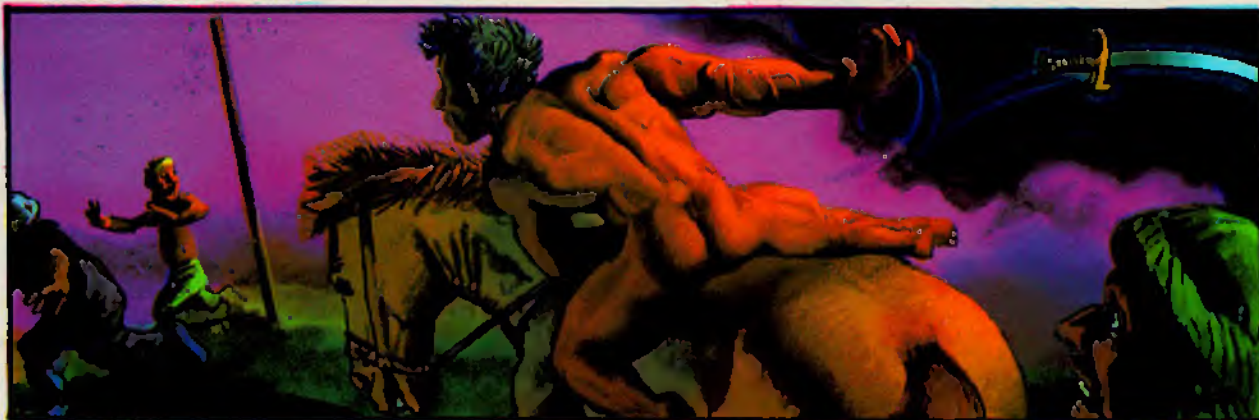
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Sindbad in The Land of the Jinn

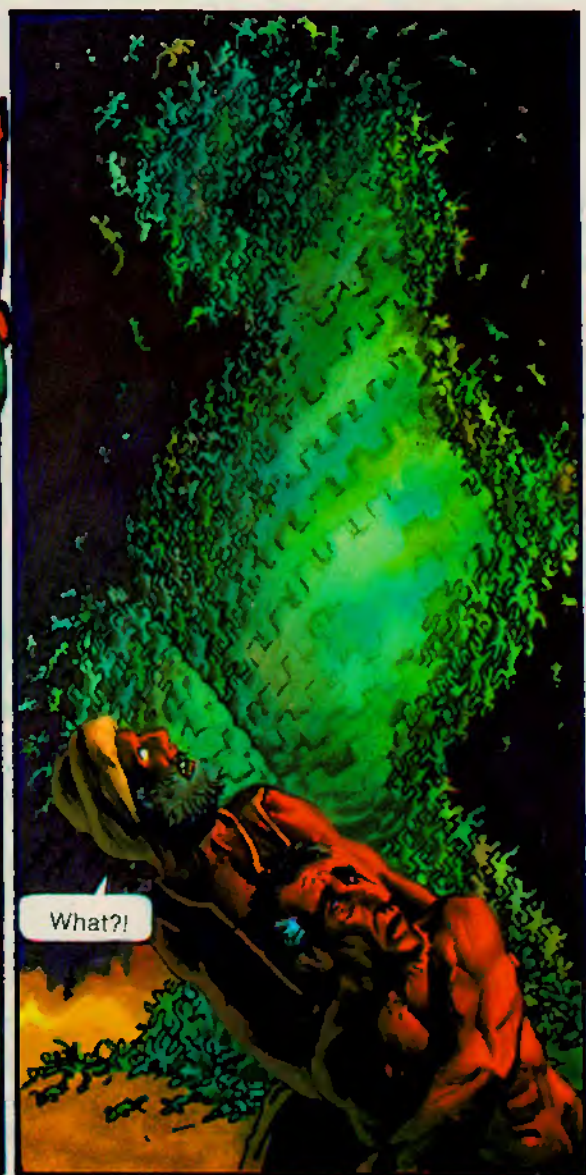


© 1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad



New Tales
of the
Arabian Nights





Praise Allah,
Judar

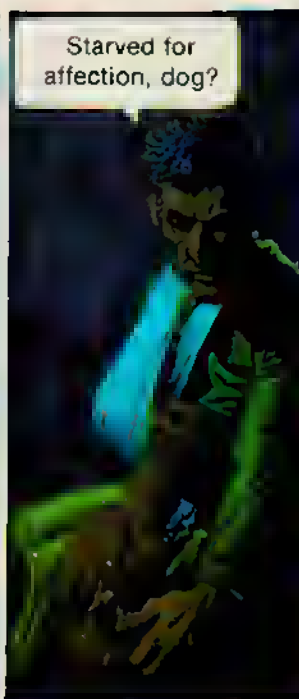
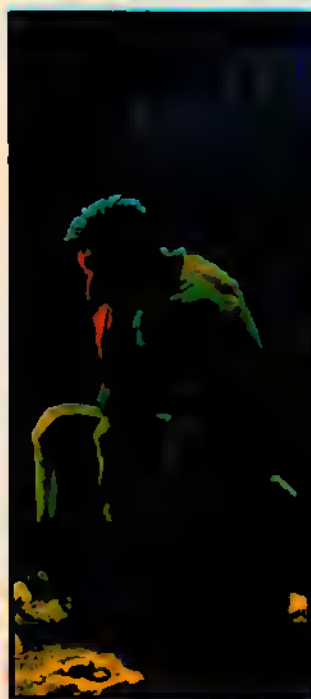
Sindbad — are
you all right?

Damn that Jinni and his curse!
We should've known better,
Akissa. We caused this!

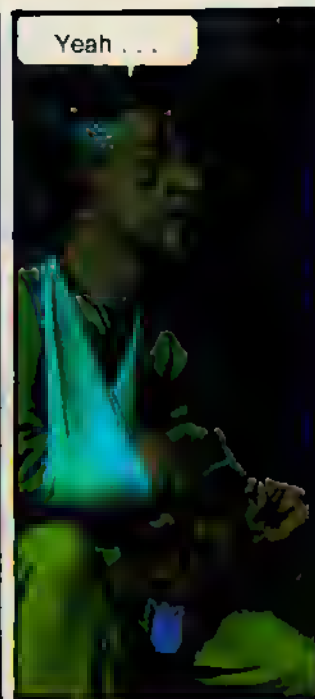
You mean . . . you think
Al-Ra'ad's been watching us?

Probably with
great amusement.





Starved for
affection, dog?



Yeah . . .

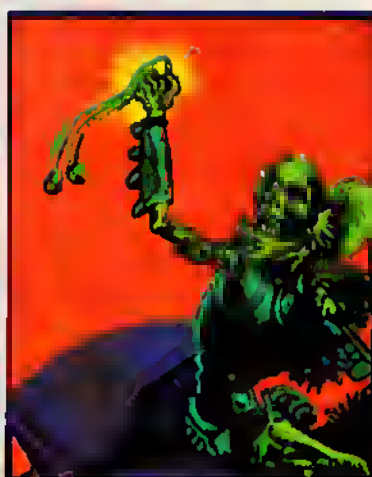
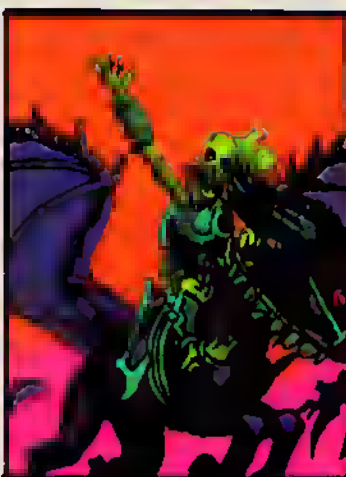


. . . me, too.







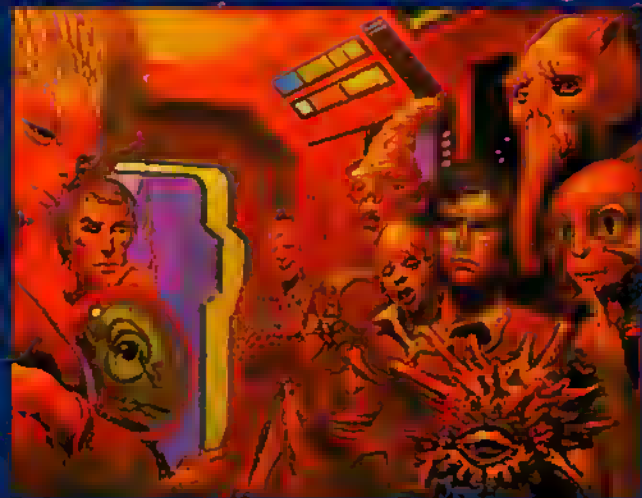


to be continued

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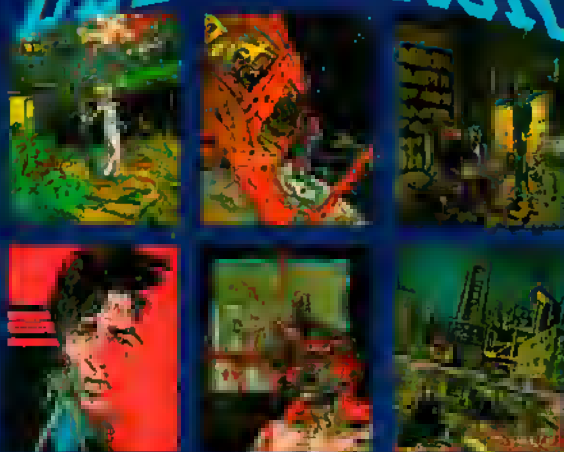
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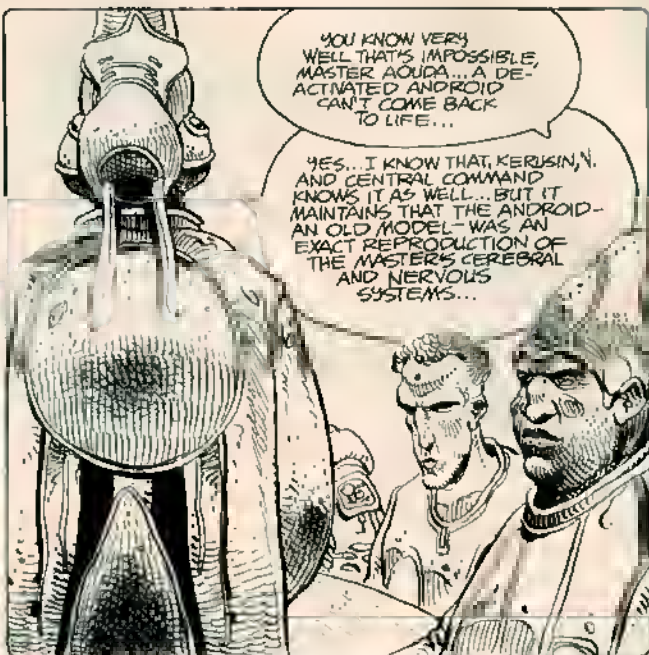
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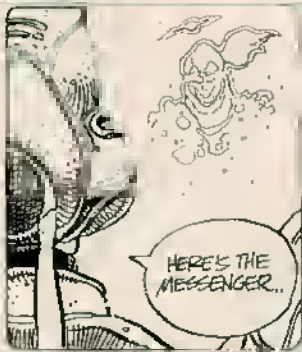
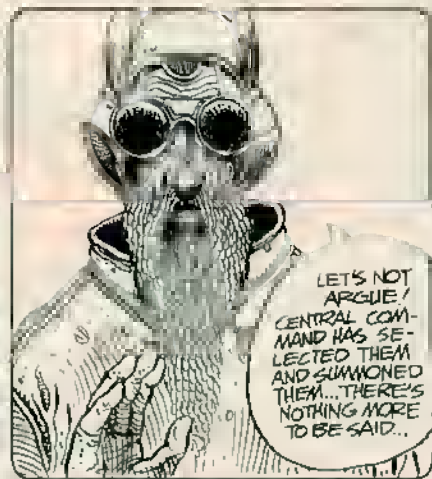
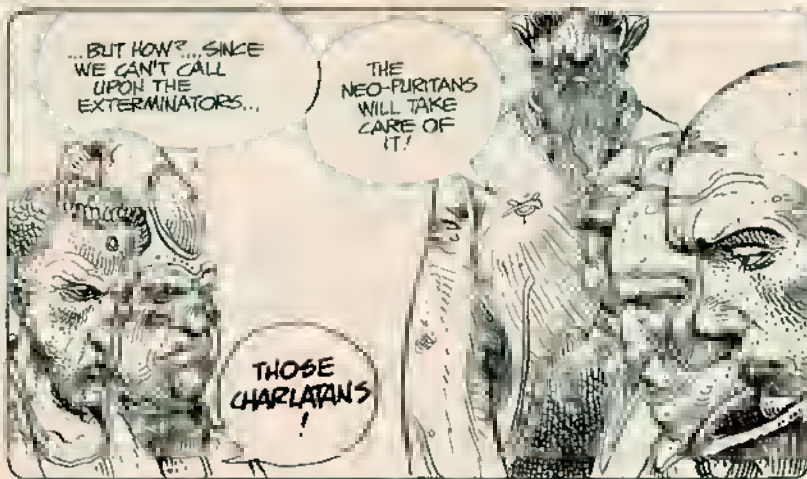
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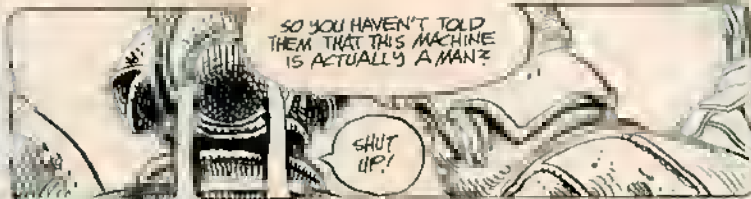


I HAVE
COME TO
TELL YOU
THAT WE AGREE
TO DESTROY
THAT
MACHINE...

1GY. 2:

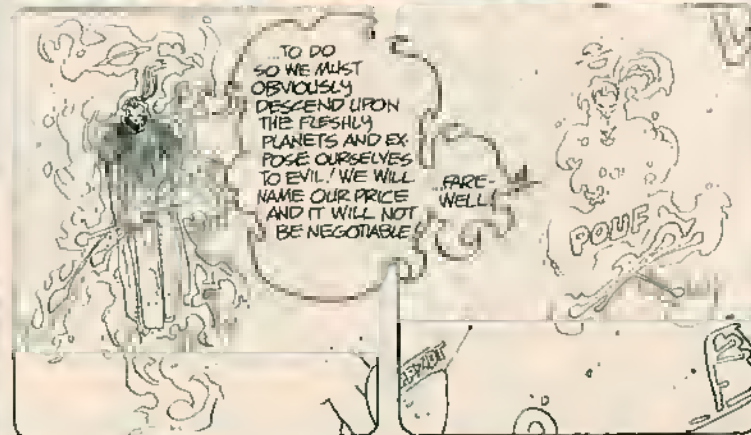
W31

MEMORY
RECORD
W31
W31: 001



SO YOU HAVEN'T TOLD
THEM THAT THIS MACHINE
IS ACTUALLY A MAN?

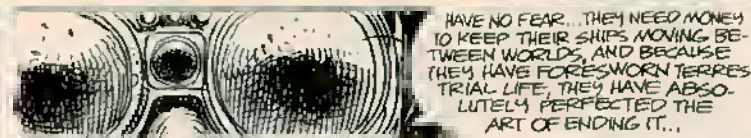
SHUT
UP!



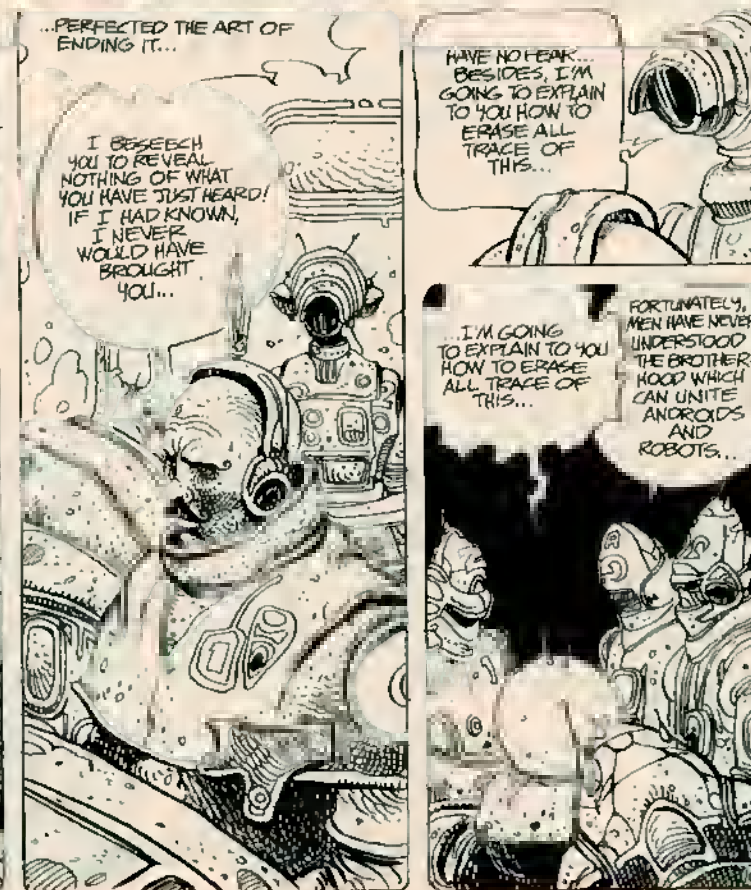
TO DO
SO WE MUST
OBVIOUSLY
DESCEND UPON
THE FRESHLY
PLANETS AND EX-
POSE OURSELVES
TO EVIL. WE WILL
NAME OUR PRICE
AND IT WILL NOT
BE NEGOTIABLE.

FARE-
WELL

POUF



HAVE NO FEAR... THEY NEED MONEY
TO KEEP THEIR SHIPS MOVING BE-
TWEEN WORLDS, AND BECAUSE
THEY HAVE FORESWORN TERRES-
TRIAL LIFE, THEY HAVE ABSO-
LUTELY PERFECTED THE
ART OF ENDING IT...



...PERFECTED THE ART OF
ENDING IT...

I BESEECH
YOU TO REVEAL
NOTHING OF WHAT
YOU HAVE JUST HEARD!
IF I HAD KNOWN,
I NEVER
WOULD HAVE
BROUGHT
YOU...

HAVE NO FEAR...
BESIDES, I'M
GOING TO EXPLAIN
TO YOU HOW TO
ERASE ALL
TRACE OF
THIS...

I'M GOING
TO EXPLAIN TO YOU
HOW TO ERASE
ALL TRACE OF
THIS...

FORTUNATELY,
MEN HAVE NEVER
UNDERSTOOD
THE BROTHER-
HOOD WHICH
CAN UNITE
ANDROIDS
AND
ROBOTS...



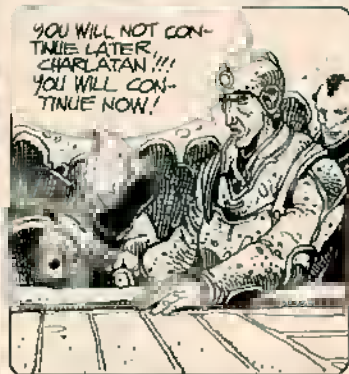
...THOMAS HAD
BEEN DRIFTING
FOR A FORT-
NIGHT WHEN HE
SAW A
STRANGER'S
SPACESHIP...



IT WAS
DIFFERENT FROM
ANYTHING HE HAD
SEEN BEFORE...
IT WAS...



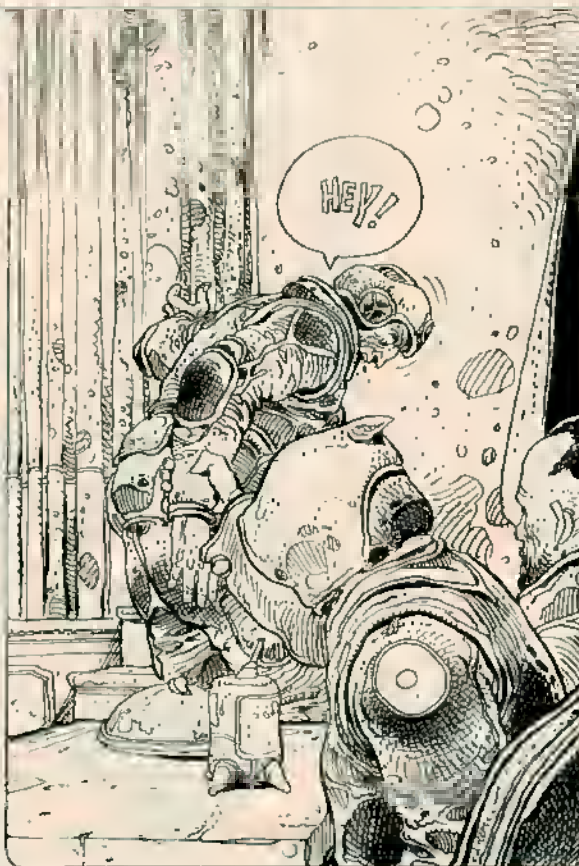
...IT WAS...FORGIVE
ME...I...I'LL
CONTINUE...
LATER...



YOU WILL NOT CON-
TINUE LATER
CHARLATAN!!!
YOU WILL CON-
TINUE NOW!



I SAID
GO ON
!



HEY!

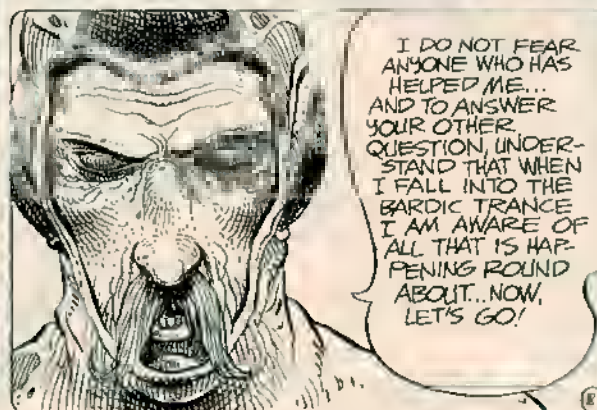
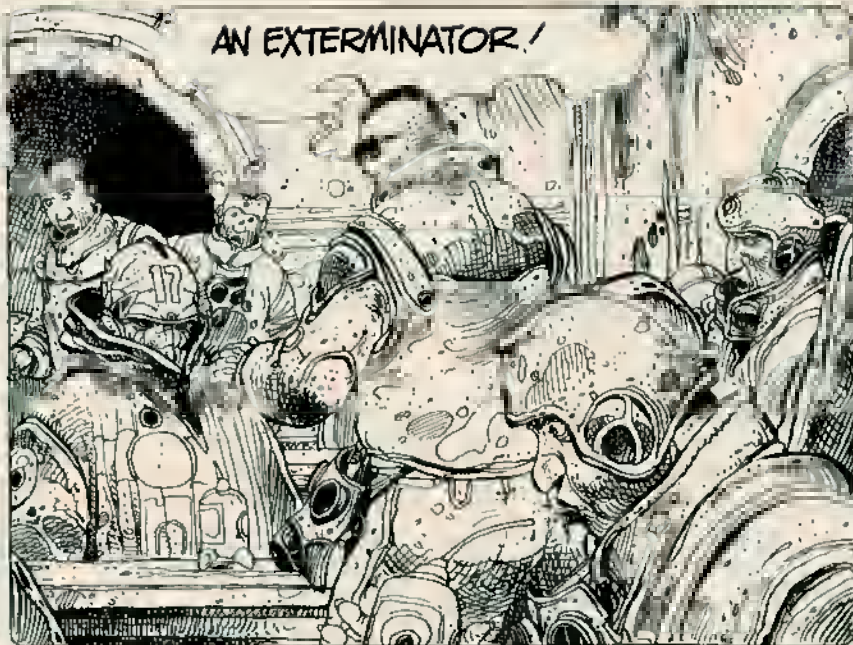


THE
BASTARD!
HE DAMN
NEAR
BROKE MY
ARM!

NEVER
MIND...I'LL
HANDLE
IT...



SO, OLD
MINER,
SOME-
THING
UPSET
YOU?

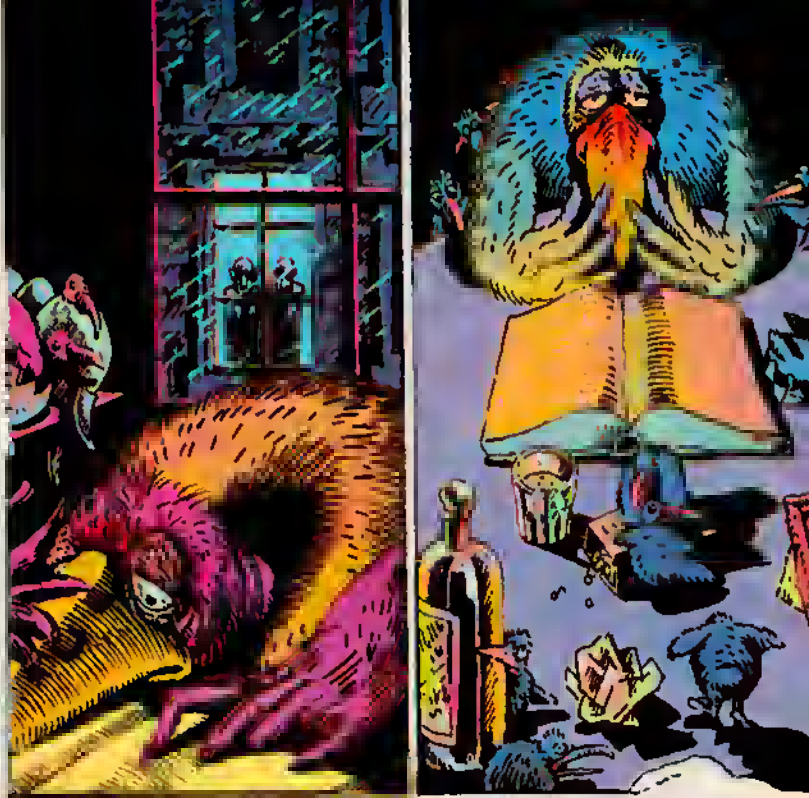




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heavy-footed, adj., heavy or clumsy in walking.
heavy-handed, adj., 1) clumsy, tactless. 2) oppressive, tyrannical.
heavy metal, n. 1) a metal of high specific gravity. 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily power, influence, as "he is a man of heavy metal." 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced; loud rock music with strong, sensuous rhythms. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction/fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc.
heavy racket, n. (Slang), a branch of crime that involves or may involve personal violence.
heavy water, n. compound like water, composed of oxygen and deuterium instead of hydrogen; used in atomic energy studies and as a moderator in nuclear reactors.
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ORION

CHAPTER 3

ORION AND SPRITE HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN THE MUSTY LABORATORY CELLARS THAT HOUSE THE GREAT VAPOR MACHINES. SPRITE BECOMES WEAK AND FAINT FROM PROXIMITY TO THE POWERFUL SPELL THAT GUARDS THEM. THEIR PRESENCE IN THON'S RETREAT WARNS CHANDRA AND SHE HURRIES TO DEFEND IT. UNDER COVER OF THE DROON'S ATTACK, LAMONTHOS ENTERS UNSEEN AND SMASHES THE DEVICES, THUS DOOMING CHANDRA, WIZARD AND SORCERESS ENGAGE IN A MAGICAL COMBAT AND CHANDRA, BESTED, ESCAPES THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE. ORION AND LAMONTHOS CLASH IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF THORBOLT, WHICH THREATENS TO REND THE VERY FABRIC OF THE EMPYREAN ETHER THAT CRACKLES AROUND THEM!



THORBOLT PROVES TO BE THE STRONGER WEAPON. HIS WAND SHATTERED, LAMONTHOS IS CORNERED WHEN...



...FELINA AND URZA BURST IN, HELL-BENT ON REVENGE!

AAH! I TOLD YOU MY NOSE WOULD LEAD US TO THE SWINE! COME, MASTER, EMBRACE ME ONE FINAL TIME BEFORE I SEND YOU TO HELL!



THE HELL-CAT RELEASES HER RETRACTABLE CLAWS AND...

...SPRINGS! THE SHE-BEAST!

WHAT IN--!



THE CAT-WOMAN IS AT HIS JUGULAR BEFORE THE MAGE CAN CONTRIVE A PROTECTIVE SPELL...



... BUT THE WILY WIZARD, IN AN ASTONISHING DISPLAY OF AGILITY, ENMESHES FELINA IN THE VOLUMINOUS FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK AND STUNS HER WITH A BLOW OF HIS BROKEN STAFF.

BELLCOSE BITCH!



HE FREES HIMSELF, HOWEVER, ONLY TO FALL INTO URZA'S BEAR-LIKE CLUTCHES.



ALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, LAMONTHOS EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM THE GIANT MUTE'S GRIP AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH CHANDRA'S PREVIOUS AVENUE OF ESCAPE.



UNHEEDFUL OF THE INTERLOPERS,
ORION RUSHES TO SPRITE'S SIDE.

SPRITE! THE END, ORION! FOR ME,
AT LEAST, CHANDRA HAS
LIVED TOO LONG... AND WHEN
THE SANDS OF TIME RUN OUT
FOR HER, SO DO THEY TOO,
FOR ME.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND



IN MY RECOUNTING OF THE TALE
OF THIS SHADOWED VALLEY, I
OMITTED MENTION OF THIS—
THON, WHO GAVE CHANDRA
IMMORTALITY, GAVE ME THE
SAME CURSE BY INEXTRICABLY
ENTWINING MY LIFE FORCE
WITH HERS. HE KNEW SHE
MIGHT, OUT OF JEALOUSY,
TERMINATE MY EXISTENCE.
SHOULD SHE DO SO, SHE WOULD
THEREFORE COMMIT SUICIDE.
THAT IS WHY SHE STEEPED
HERSELF IN THE BLACK ARTS
AND SOUGHT YOUR SWORD...



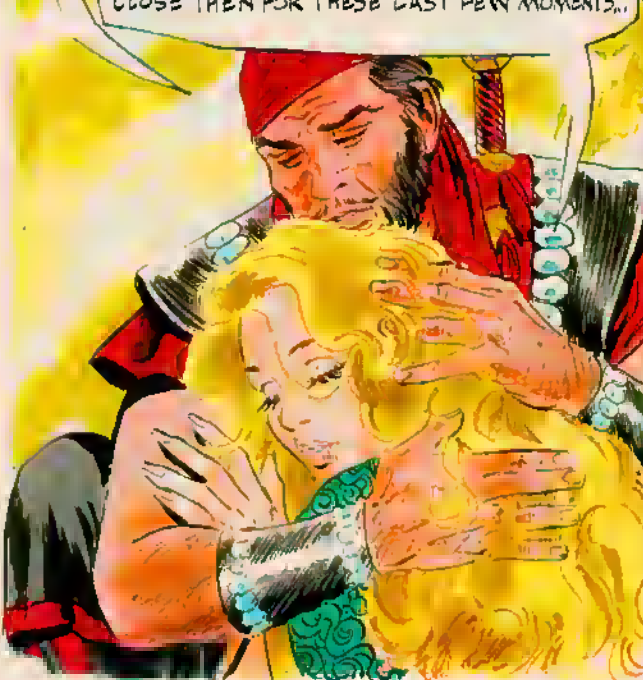
...IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEHOW IT
COULD BE USED TO SEVER THE LINK
THAT JOINS HER BEING WITH MINE.
DON'T BE SAD, MY LOVE. I USED YOU TO
END THON'S MACABRE JAPE ON US,
JUST AS I SO OFTEN, HOWEVER,
UNWILLINGLY MANIPULATED OTHER
MEN FOR CHANDRA'S DARK PURPOSES.
NOW I DON'T HAVE TO PLAY THE
GAME... ANY LONGER...



BUT I
LOVE
YOU!

NO, SWEET FOOL. I'M THE ARTIFICE AND
PROFANITY OF A BLACK MAGICIAN AND I
DIE GLADLY. SOON MY SIREN SISTER
EXPIRES, AND SO DO I. PLEASE... HOLD ME
CLOSE THEN FOR THESE LAST FEW MOMENTS...

... THEN YOU MUST DEPART, QUICKLY, THE ADJACENT
CHAMBER HOUSES ONE OF THON'S MARVELS--AN
AIRSHIP. USE IT TO ESCAPE THE FIRE OF THE
INVIDIOUS DROONS... THEY'LL TORCH THE TOWERS...



IN THE MEANTIME, CHANDRA, PREFERRING A QUICK DEATH, CONFRONTS THE HOWLING DROONS.

...AND THEY DO NOT DISAPPOINT HER.



IN TRUTH, A CONFLAGRATION ROARS THROUGH THE FIVE TOWERS OF CASTLE CLAW, IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE DROONS AND CHANDRA'S GUARDIANS AN OVERTURNED BRAZIER HAS TURNED THE STRONGHOLD INTO A VERITABLE CREMATORIUM!



TO BE CONTINUED ~ 60

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GREAT TRAP

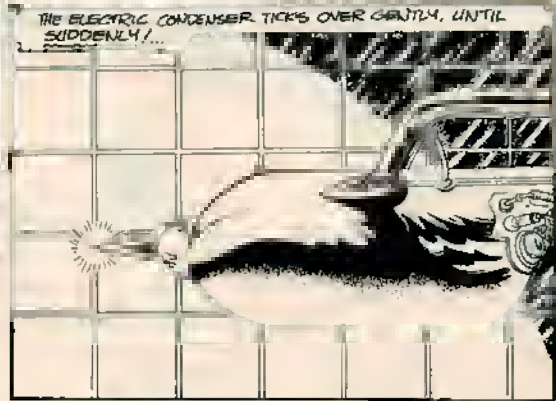


THE GREAT TRAP

by
Denis
Sire

THE
SPATIAL
ADVENTURES
OF
M. WHITE
4TH
EPISODE







SHUCK! CAPTAIN WHITE IS REQUESTED TO APPEAR AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER IMMEDIATELY!

GOSH!



TEN FLOORS LATER!

SO, CAPTAIN, ALL'S WELL WITH VIOLETTA, ISN'T IT?

HER LIFE IS IN OOCALIPYSS'S HANDS... WE CAN ONLY PRAY HE'S SUCCESSFUL!



MORRIS LEAVES THE OPERATING ROOM TO HEAD TOWARD THE ELEVATOR...

THAT'S THEM, I'M POSITIVE OF IT... HMM...



YES... YES... BUT NOW, WOULD YOU CAST A GLANCE AT THE RADAR CONTROL SCREEN...

...THERE'RE LESS OF THEM THAN I THOUGHT!



YOU KNOW THAT THE O.O.T.S.S.B. HAS FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, CAPTAIN. THEY'RE COUNTING ON YOU, WHITE, TO NEUTRALIZE THE DIABOLICAL PLANET!

...I UNDERSTAND, COLONEL...

THERE THEY ARE!

REQUEST AUTHORIZATION TO LAND!

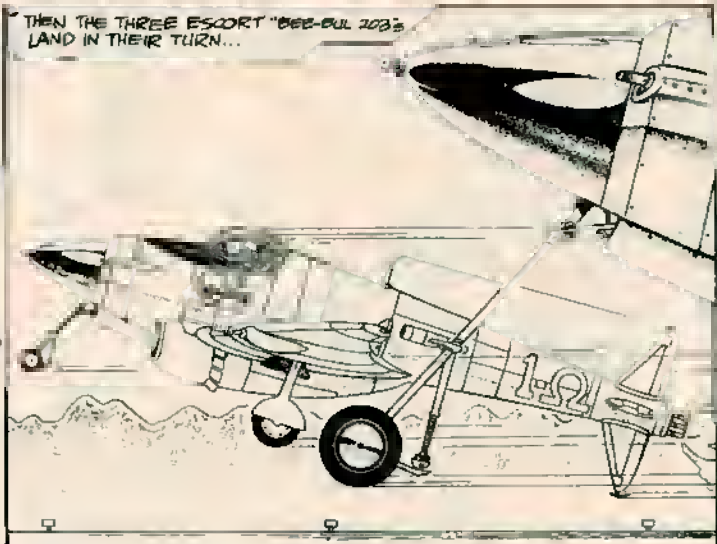
MY CLEAR MEN

*OMEGA ON THE SEA SPACE BASE...

AND WITH A DEAFENING SOUND
THE ROCKET FLAGSHIP "DUKE U-235"
LANDS ON THE MERCURIAL BASE...



THEN THE THREE ESCORT "BEE-BUL 203s"
LAND IN THEIR TURN...



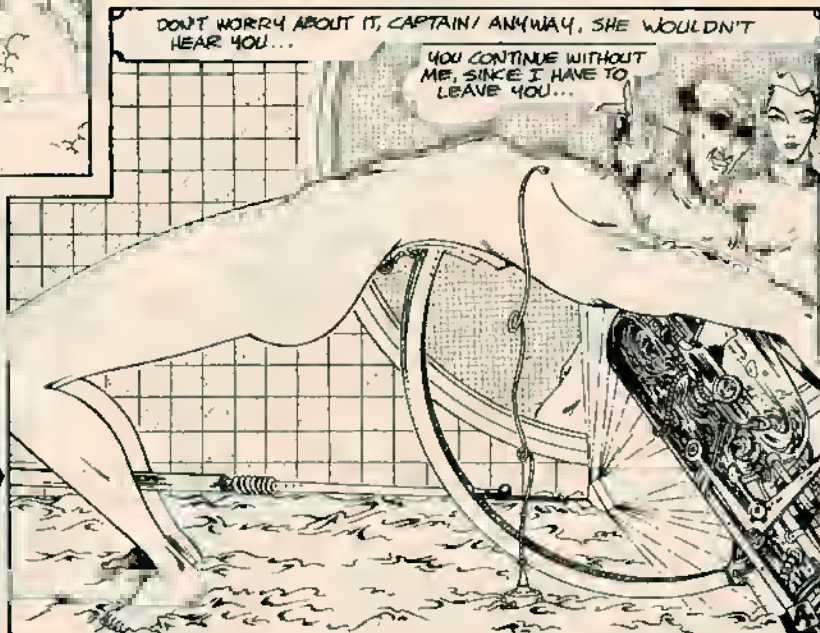
I HAVE SOME ORDERS TO GIVE TO THE
CREW OF YOUR SHIP! SHOULD I WAIT FOR
YOU?

I'LL GET READY
AND MEET YOU ON
THE RUNWAY...



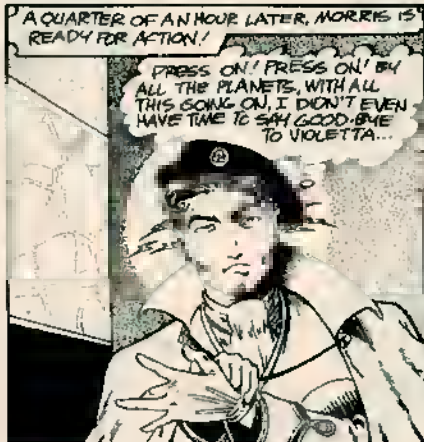
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN! ANYWAY, SHE WOULDN'T
HEAR YOU...

YOU CONTINUE WITHOUT
ME, SINCE I HAVE TO
LEAVE YOU...



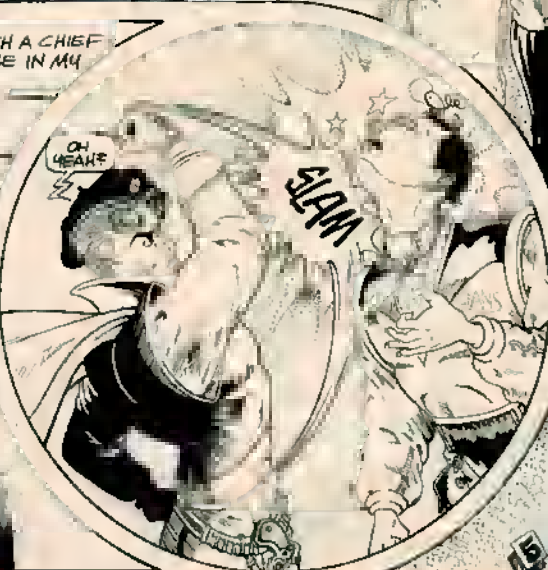
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, MORRIS IS
READY FOR ACTION!

PRESS ON! PRESS ON! BY
ALL THE PLANETS, WITH ALL
THIS GOING ON, I DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE
TO VIOLETTA...





WELL THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN-AS A MARRIED WOMAN, SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND! IT'S ALL ACCORDING TO THE RULES!



WELL, NOW YOU'VE BEEN INFORMED! I WILL ACCEPT NO LAPSE IN DISCIPLINE, FOR OUR MISSION AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL PLANET IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FUTURE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU, MONA?...



NOW I WILL ADDRESS THE ESCORT PILOTS TO TELL THEM THE FOLLOWING: IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK IN THE INTERFERENCE ZONE, THEY MUST DEFEND THE "DUKE" SHIP ONLY! AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY INDIVIDUAL STUNTS UNDERSTAND... COMMANDER HANS STORCH!!



THE BRIEFING OVER, THE CREW RETURNS TO THEIR SHIP

DOWN! I THINK I LOVE HIM MORE THAN EVER!

OH LA LA, HE DIDN'T SEEM TOO THRILLED TO LEARN WE'RE MARRIED.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MONA. HE'LL COME AROUND.



GOOD-BYE, COLONEL LOVECORN. TAKE CARE OF VIOLETTA.

GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN. AH! BY THE WAY, I'VE LOADED MY "DEFIANT A.S." FOR YOU. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR WHITE TO DEFEND THE "DUKE-U-235"...

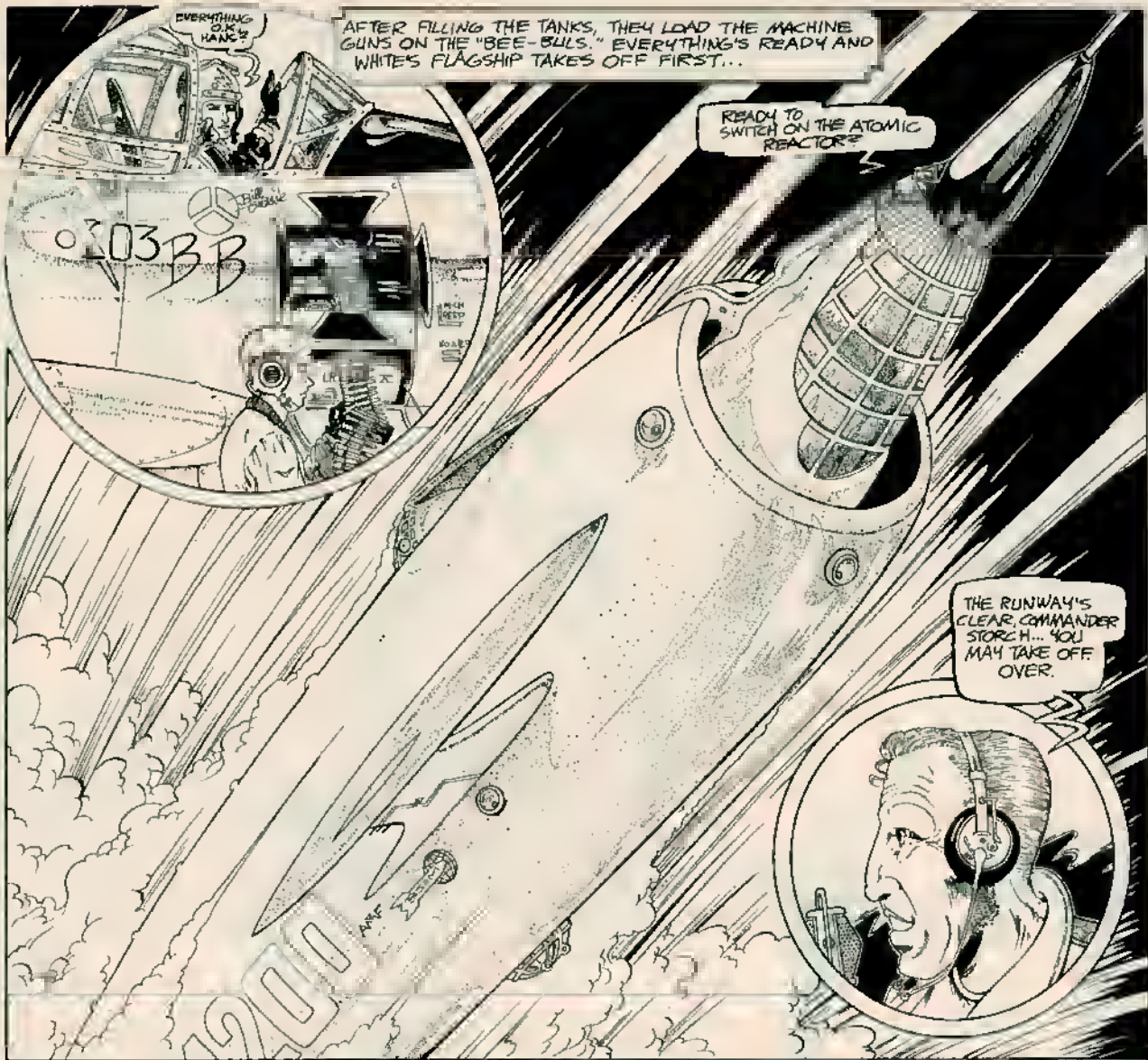


EVERYTHING
OK HANS?

AFTER FILLING THE TANKS, THEY LOAD THE MACHINE
GUNS ON THE "BEE-BULLS." EVERYTHING'S READY AND
WHITE'S FLAGSHIP TAKES OFF FIRST...

READY TO
SWITCH ON THE ATOMIC
REACTOR?

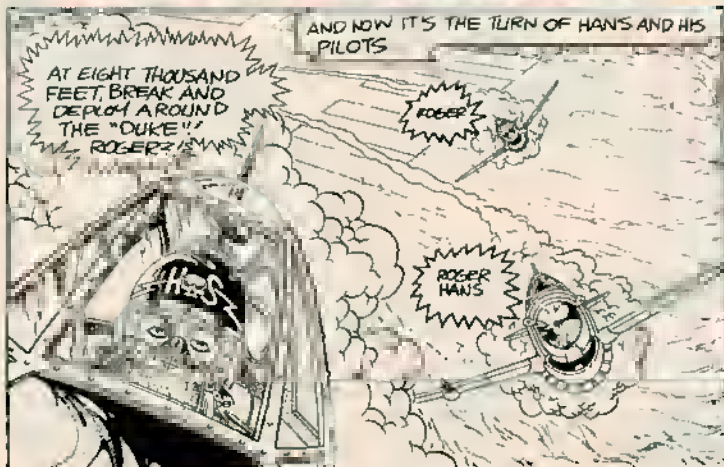
THE RUNWAY'S
CLEAR, COMMANDER
STORCH... YOU
MAY TAKE OFF
OVER.



AND NOW IT'S THE TURN OF HANS AND HIS
PILOTS

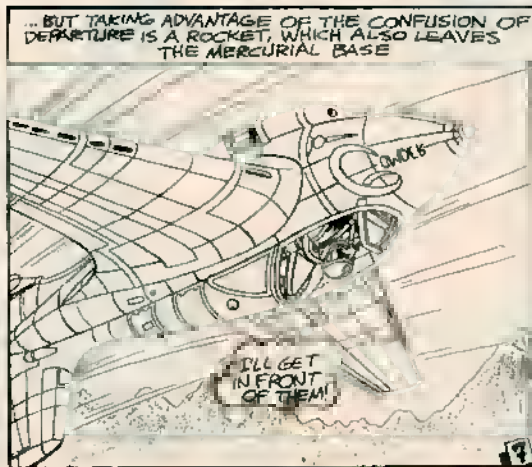
AT EIGHT THOUSAND
FEET, BREAK AND
DEPLOY AROUND
THE "DUKE!"
W. ROGER?

ROGER
HANS

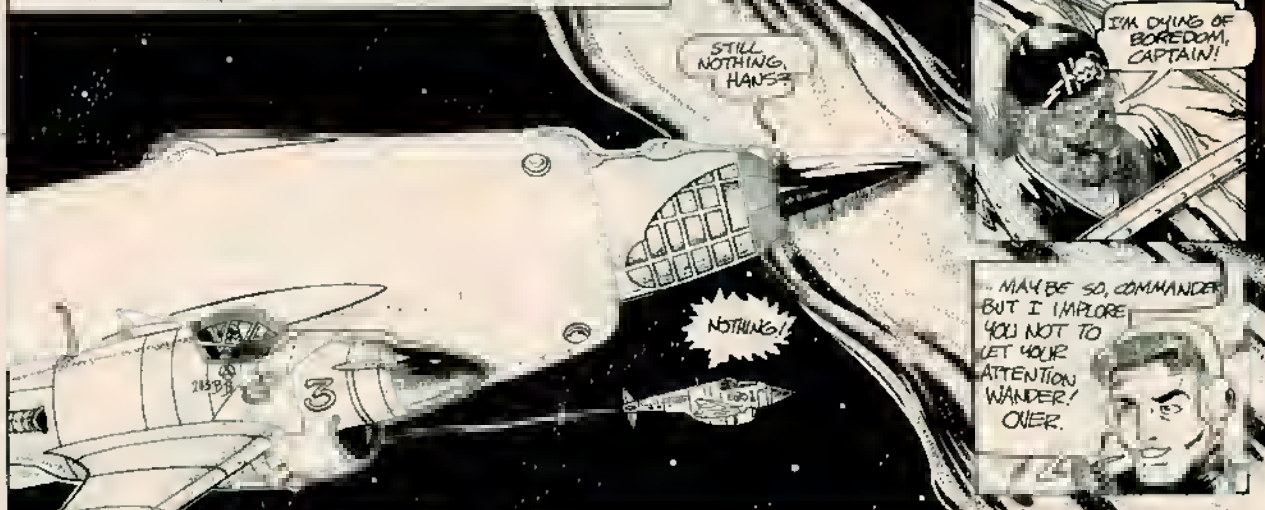


...BUT TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OF
DEPARTURE IS A ROCKET, WHICH ALSO LEAVES
THE MERCURIAL BASE

I'LL GET
IN FRONT
OF THEM!



...MUCH LATER, ON THE GREAT ROAD THROUGH SPACE...

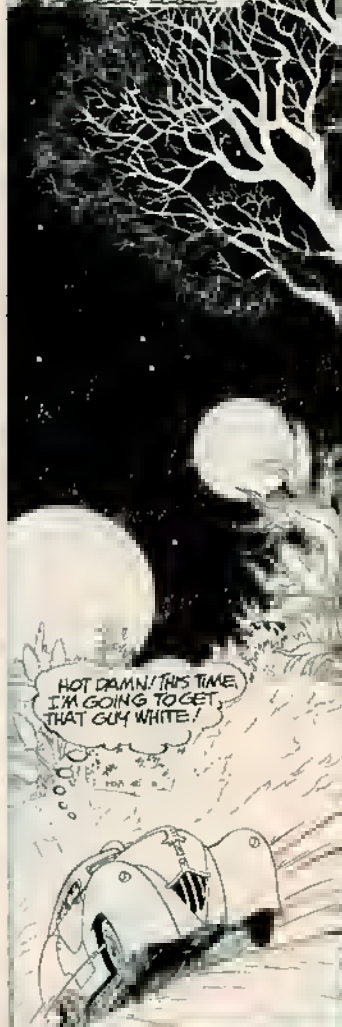


STILL
NOTHING,
HANSS

I'M DYING OF
BOREDOM,
CAPTAIN!

MAYBE SO, COMMANDER
BUT I IMPLORE
YOU NOT TO
LET YOUR
ATTENTION
WANDER!
OVER.

MEANWHILE, THAT VERY NIGHT ON
THE DIABOLICAL PLANET...

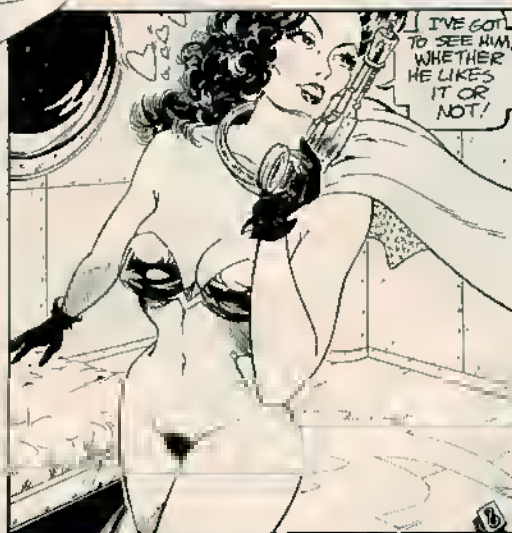


HOT DAMN! THIS TIME
I'M GOING TO GET
THAT GUY WHITE!

JIM HAS LEFT TO RELIEVE MORRIS WHITE AT THE COMMANDS
OF THE "DUKE." AS FOR MONA, SHE CHOSE TO REMAIN ALONE...



MORRIS MUST BE IN
HIS CABIN NOW



I'VE GOT
TO SEE HIM,
WHETHER
HE LIKES
IT OR
NOT!

NO, DON'T
MOVE, MORRIS!

NO!

MONA ENTERS THE ROOM.

GENTLY, SOLDIER...

YOU
DEVILISH
CREATURE...
HEH?

PINK

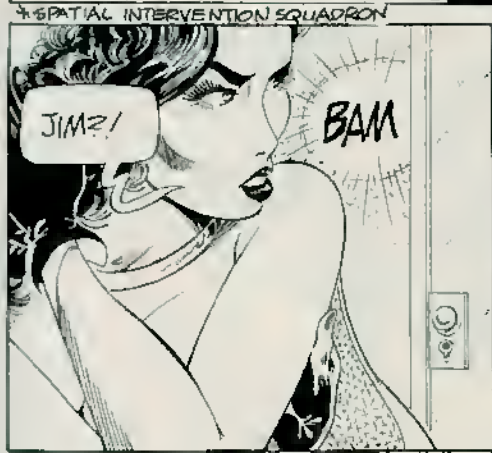
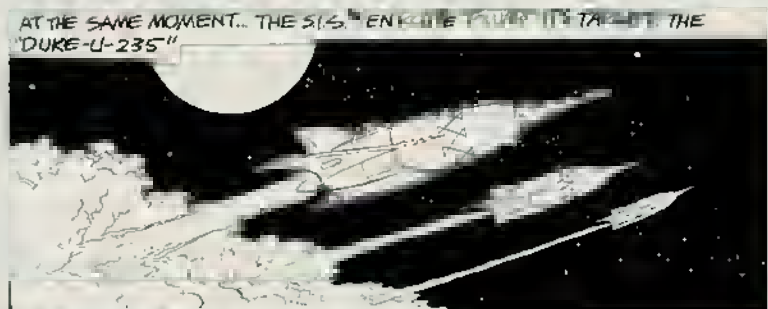
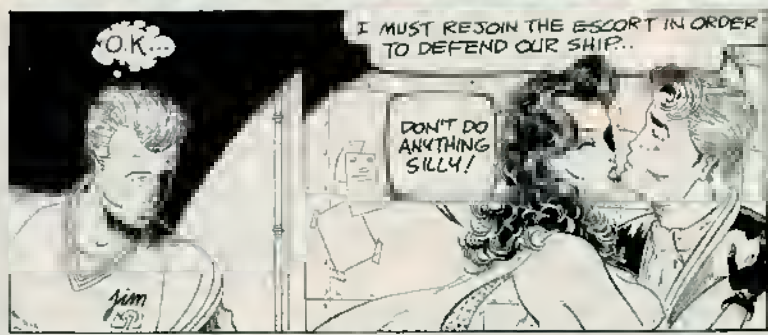
MAD...
SHE'S
MAD!

RELAX, MORRIS...
AREN'T YOU GOING
TO BE NICE TO
ME?

BY ALL THE PLANETS, I'M
ACTUALLY SOBER, BUT I FEEL
THE SAME DESIRE FOR YOU...
YOUR STOMACH...
YOUR...

WHY NOT ADMIT
YOU LOVE ME,
PRETTY BOY...
EH!

COME ON LET'S
BE REASONABLE
YOU'VE MISSED
ME A LOT,
MORRIS,
DARLING...



TO BE CONTINUED



Austria: Austria has a long history of being a neutral country, and it has a strong reputation for being a peaceful and stable nation.



Modeling: Growth and Development



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Black & White



The fantasy calendar for 1979 is from *Heavy Metals*, of course. From its cover by Richard Corben to Mombius, a year's worth of stunning, haunting, exciting ORIGINAL illustrations by Heavy Metal artists—including Duillet, Claveloux, and Kahuta, and special dates—Terzant's birthday, Druidic toasts, the anniversary of the end of the world—this is an ideal gift for old rich relations, with weak hearts.

The Editors of the *Journal of Clinical Medicine*

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MUCH MANY OF THE ANGELS... JUST WHEN THE SITUATION SEEMS TO BE OBVIOUSLY IMPROVING IN FAVOR OF THE INSURGENTS, OUTSIDE THE PRISON

SHEN'S SQUADRON'S FALL UPON US!!

THEY ARE NOT ALONE. FRIEND MORGANEN HAS ALSO SENT HIS MEN...

GET BACK INSIDE! ALL THE NECESSARY MATERIAL IS ABOARD...

WHO'S THIS MANGED GUY?

THE COMMANDER OF THE PLACE, HE NEVER STOPPED LAUGHING BEFORE SOMEONE MANGED HIM, AND I REALLY THINK HE WAS STILL LAUGHING AFTERWARDS!

GAIL

OUTSIDE, SWARTZING THE FLEET OF THE EMPEROR SHEN. THE LAST IN A LINE OF MAD KINGS, ARE THE MASTERS OF THE INTERIOR CIRCLE, THOSE ALWAYS CALLED "THE POWERFUL"...

What are those?

"THE RULES OF THE NIGHT!" MORE OF MERENNEN'S GADGETS, SEEMS THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE...



ACROSS THE WAY
COME PRINCE MER-
ENNEN'S STEEL KILLERS
FROM THE GIGANTIC
DOLNET, GAIL, NEST OF
THE RED SPIDER...

high command, shaan
squadron...

COME IN, POLYCARD! WITHOUT
PRECISE ORDERS, I CANNOT COMMIT
MYSELF. MERENNEN'S TROOPS ARE
WITHIN RANGE OF MY CANNONS.
THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF
HOLLY MARY HAS SPREAD AND
HE IS ALREADY HERE FOR
THE KILL!!

MEN
METAL
MACHINES
MERENNEN...

READY TO RETRIEVE
THE PRISONERS... CON-
SIDERABLE SHAAN SHIPS
FACING US... AWAITING
ORDERS... AWAITING ORDERS

SHIP PAC, CENTRAL
COMMAND SHAAN-
COME IN LORD ROPP!

AH!! AT LAST WE'LL
SKIN THAT PIECE OF
SHIT AND HIS SHIT MA-
CHINES. SWITCH ON THE
SCREENS. OPEN FIRE.
PROGRAM TOTAL DE-
STRUCTION. CENTER
FLANK OVER HOLLY
MARY. WE'LL OCCUPY
IT AFTERWARDS.
FIRE! FIRE!

ON GILL
DECISION ROOM
MERENNEN IN
PERSON.

A TRAP! THIS INSURRECTION
IS A TRAP!

A TRAP, SHAAN
LET IT FALL, THE
STRONGEST PIECE
ON THE CHESSBOARD
...HE PAID THE PRICE
TO GET MY MIDE AND
I LET MYSELF FALL FOR
IT, THE INVINCIBLE FOR-
REGS, THE PRIDE OF
SHAAN HAS COST A PRE-
MATURE ENCOUNTER...
OF WHAT USE HAVE
YOUR ORACLES BEEN
TO ME? NONE OF YOU
PREDICTED THIS...

BUT, MASTER, THE
PRISON IS WELL AND
TRULY FALLEN!

IMBECILES... IF
IT'S BATTLE
YOU WANT,
LET IT
BATTLE!
LET THE
STEEL
RUN
BURNING
HOT...

PRINCE... SHAAN... DID YOU
AN IMMENSE HONOR

A MASS OF BEAMS, RAYS, DETECTORS, SCREENS, ELECTRIC FINGERS WHICH SEARCH TO KILL IN THE SILENCE OF THE VOID...
LIGHT...

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, OUT THERE!!

THEY'RE FIRING AT OUR HEADS OUT THERE! DIDN'T THAT FAKE SORCERER PREDICT THAT TO YOU?

SHOOT THOSE WHO ARE WITHIN RANGE. INFORM ALL THE RESISTANCE GROUPS THAT THE HOUR HAS COME TO FIGHT, THE HOUR TO BLOW SHAWN MERENNIEN AND ALL THE OTHER SCUM OUT INTO SPACE. WE'LL KNOW BETTER WHERE TO STRIKE SLOANE, YOU MUST KNOW THAT...

HEY! WHERE'D THAT ONE GET TO?

FORGET IT, JUST SOME SORCERER BUZZING OFF!

LITTLE SHIT, WE SHOULD HAVE GOT HIM WITH A DAMNED SURPRISE ATTACK... AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S SHAWN'S LOVER, ISN'T HE?

WHO KNOWS WHAT SHAWN DID TO HIM SO MANY YEARS AGO, WHAT SECRETS AND TRICKS ALL THAT PACKED, ALL THAT FURY, GOT UNDER SLOANE'S SKIN, BUT ALL THAT HAS BECOME LEGEND.

ENOUGH DREAMING, THERE'S WORK TO DO!

LEAVE THE SPHERE, OPEN THE DOOR... GO... I WENT TO KNOW

TO BE CONTINUED...

When there is no more room in hell ...
the dead will walk the earth



George A. Romero's

DAWN OF THE DEAD

In 1968 George A. Romero began a film trilogy tracing the growth of a "Zombie" Society. The first film was the now classic "Night Of The Living Dead."

"DAWN OF THE DEAD" (in Living color) is his long awaited second film. The last film, "Day of The Dead" should hit the screen about 1988.

Anyway, while you're waiting for "DAWN OF THE DEAD's" premiere you can enjoy a limited edition T-Shirt. To order send a check for \$6.00 plus 60 cents (postage & handling) to The Laurel Group, Inc. 150 East 58th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Let us know your name, address, zip code, and size (S, M, L, XL.) Please print or type and allow 4 weeks for delivery.

P.S. We didn't show you the whole shirt on purpose. Life, like the movies, should have some surprises! Also accept our apology for not providing an order form to clip out, this magazine is too nice to cut up.

Major Grubert and the hermetically sealed garage of Jerry Cornelius by MOEBIUS

OUR
STORY
TO
DATE:

THE SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED, BUT IT'S ONLY SUPERFICIAL, AS THE
DRAMA IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN...YET, NO MATTER, FOR MAJOR
GRUBERT, EXPLORER OF MYSTERIES, THE GREATEST FISHERMAN
OF MARVELS IN ALL THE UNIVERSE, WAITS FOR HIS DRINK OF
WHEATAL BROTH, IN THE COMPANY OF THE TWO ARMOURED NATIVES.

I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT, MISTER. IT
MUST BE THE
AUTHOR HIMSELF
WHO DID IT ON
PURPOSE--
YOU KNOW
MOEBIUS!



EVEN SO, I DON'T LIKE
IT...IT'S SO LITTLE,
LIKE THAT! IT'S NOT
NICE!...NO, IT'S NOT
NICE. I PREFER IT
BIG SO EVERYONE
CAN READ IT!



I LIFT MY HAT TO
SALUTE YOU AND TO
REQUEST A FAVOR OF YOU:
OVER THERE AT THE END
OF THE TABLE IS MY
FRIEND, WHO WOULD
SO MUCH LIKE TO
TALK TO YOU.

JUST A FEW
WORDS, NO
1 MORE.

TALK
TO
ME
?

WELL, IT'S
QUITE OBVIOUS,
JOCELYN, THAT
YOU ARE NOT AS
LOST AS YOU
THOUGHT!



YOU SEE,
I AM WITH
THESE
TWO
HUMANS...

I
SEE...

GO ON,
JOCELYN...
DON'T
MIND
US...

IT'S
NORMAL TO
HAVE FRIENDS
OF YOUR
OWN KIND



COULD IT
BE GRABO?

THIS
WAY!



SAMUEL
L. MOHAB!!
YOU!!!
HERE!

THAT'S THE MAN WHO KILLED THE
TOMB-WRECKER! HE KILLED! HE
MUST DIE!... ARDANT, USE YOUR
GUN AND KILL HIM! KILL
HIM!

WHERE
IS
HE?

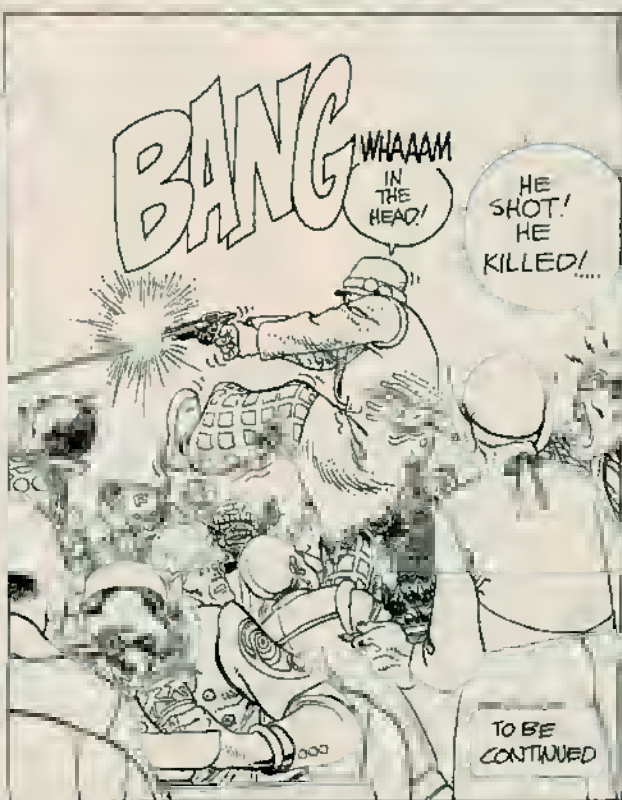


I CAN'T
SEE...
WHERE?

THERE!
THERE!

SINCE YOU'VE
RECOGNIZED ME
MAJOR GRUBERT...

HURRY, GIVE ME
YOUR REPORT ON
THE THREE LEVELS!...
FAST!



BANG

WHAAAM
IN
THE
HEAD!

HE
SHOT!
HE
KILLED!...

TO BE
CONTINUED

YOU KNEW IT COULD HAPPEN BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHEN.



the visual novel

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EXPLORER COLONY 6

This view of the Serian Millennium starship bears little resemblance to any previously recorded. A mountain on a plate contained and encased by a magnetic shell and powered by massive engines ("Galactic Geographic," *HM*, May '78), this photo from an overlook on the mountain itself reveals not only the vista above the horizon, where meteorites are pulverized by the magna-shell before they can damage the colony, but also deep beneath the surface of the lake, where darker bands of blue provide breathtaking evidence of the structure upon which the mountain was built. The starship, occupying nearly 300 cubic kilometers of space, moves at a steady acceleration rate, providing a gravity equivalent to that of the home planet Seria.

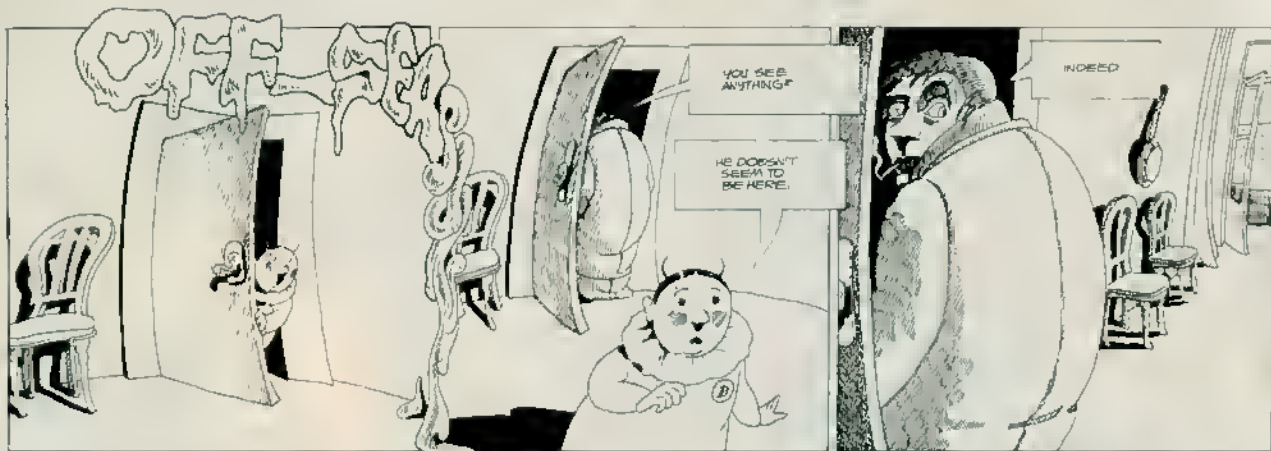
The Serians welcome visitors but are reluctant to reveal detailed information about their colony, which is moving through space toward the galactic hub. We were told that the structures in this picture are part of their food processing facility and that almost all manufacturing was done inside the mountain, leaving the surface as an ecological facsimile of Seria. The Federation Diplomat was shown only the surface of the starship, and to our dismay was not permitted to enter the main body, which we were told is the center of activity in the colony.

The author recorded this image with Serian permission, one of only three pictures approved for release. Three Serian pilots wave greetings from our tour vehicle arriving to take us to the departure station. Below them are some of the plants and animals of this carbon-based ecology: this, like Earth, has chlorophyll-bearing plants and oxygen-breathing animals.

Of special interest to the scientists in our group was the artificial sun that orbited the starship, slowly creating a day and night for the surface and the illusion of planetary stability for its occupants. Perhaps as interesting as the starship itself was the strained social situation of having everyone present, even our hosts, feeling like a visitor in someone else's world. Oddly, this picture seems to convey that feeling of tense congeniality which haunted us long after we returned to our ship.

From the *Stellar Journals of*
Karl Kuford







WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO HIM?

DID HE JUMP?

HE COULD HAVE CHOSEN
ANOTHER YEAR TO DO IT!



DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! STAND BACK! SCOOT! SCAT!
THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE!



YES, YES, YOU WILL BE QUESTIONED!



RIGHT NOW WE NEED SOME PEACE!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THIS IS REALLY GREAT!



STOP DREAMING! WE HAVE AN
INQUIRY TO DIRECT AND AN IMPORT-
ANT ONE!

HEW!
HEW!



THERE ARE NO CLUES, NONE!
HARDLY ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!

WELL, ANYWAY

HEW!
HEW!



YOU DON'T INTEND TO HOLD THE
INQUIRY LIKE THAT, DO YOU?

WHY NOT? IT'S THE BEST
POSITION FOR REFLECTION!



I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!

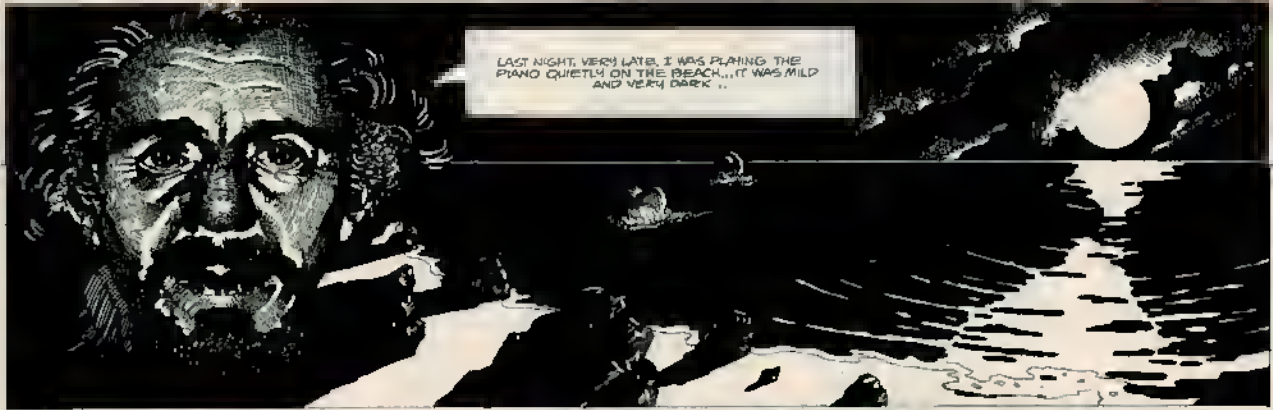
ALREADY!



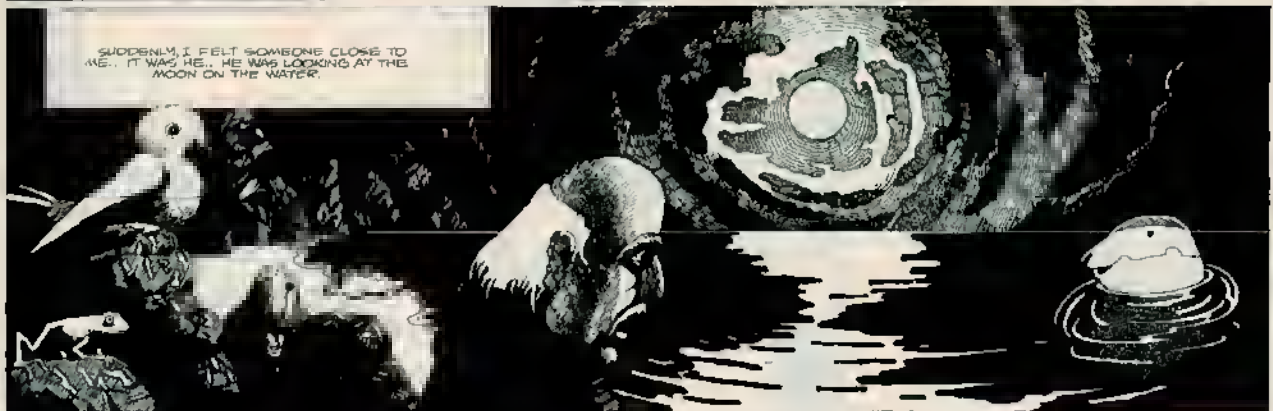
I THINK I'M THE LAST PERSON TO HAVE SEEN THE SAD MAN!

VERY INTERESTING!
DO CONTINUE!

AND BE AS PRECISE
AS POSSIBLE!



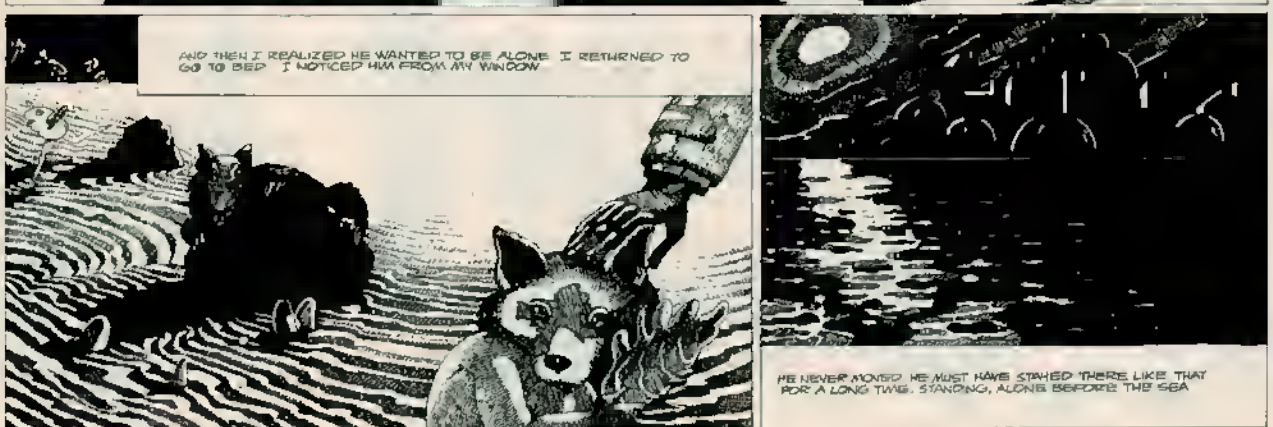
LAST NIGHT, VERY LATE, I WAS PLAYING THE PIANO QUIETLY ON THE BEACH...IT WAS MILD AND VERY DARK ..



SUDDENLY, I FELT SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME... IT WAS HE... HE WAS LOOKING AT THE MOON ON THE WATER.

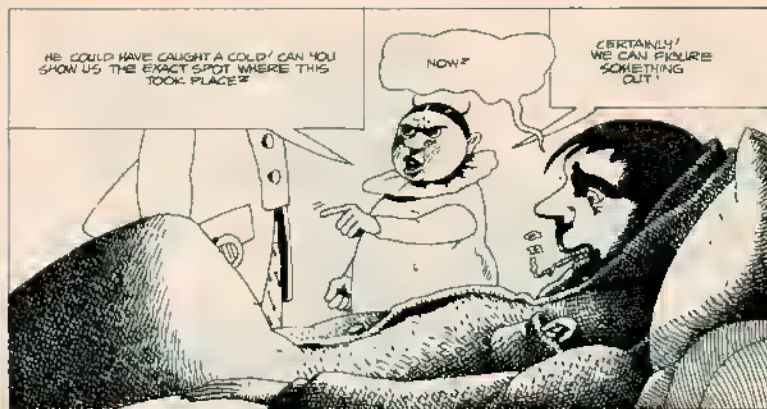


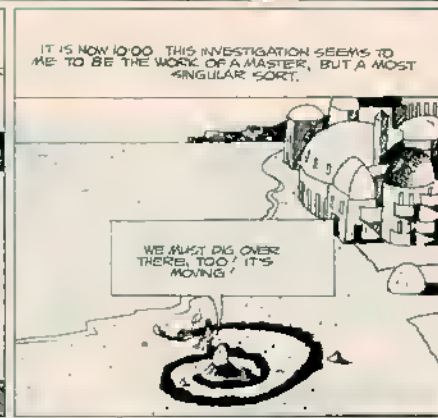
I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB HIM. HE SMILED AT ME WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING.. I WENT ON PLAYING ON THE SEA. HE SEEMED HAPPY, I THINK...



AND THEN I REALIZED HE WANTED TO BE ALONE. I RETURNED TO GO TO BED. I NOTICED HIM FROM MY WINDOW.

HE NEVER MOVED. HE MUST HAVE STAYED THERE LIKE THAT FOR A LONG TIME. STANDING, ALONE BEFORE THE SEA.





NO, I NEVER ASK THEM
THEIR IDENTITIES...
IT'S NOT NEARLY
IMPORTANT!

IN THIS PARTICULAR
CASE, IT MAKES IT
VERY AWKWARD!

I FOUND SOMETHING!
COME SEE!



I TOOK DOWN ALL THEIR SHOP SIZES,
BUT MANY OF THEM HAVE THE SAME SIZE
STILL, WE'RE FURTHER ALONG NOW!



WE HAVE TO QUESTION THEM NOW!
CAN WE DO IT HERE?

YOU KNOW WHAT TO ASK THEM?

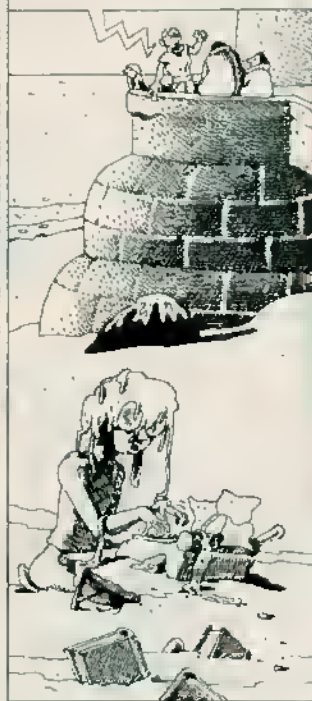
NO, BUT WE'LL IMPROVE!

YES, CERTAINLY I'LL GO
GET THEM!

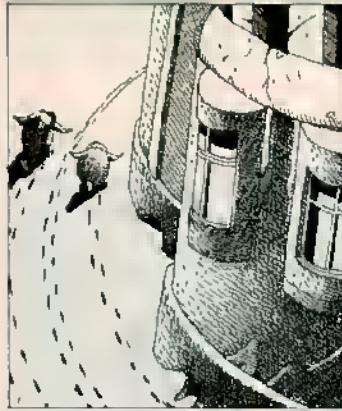
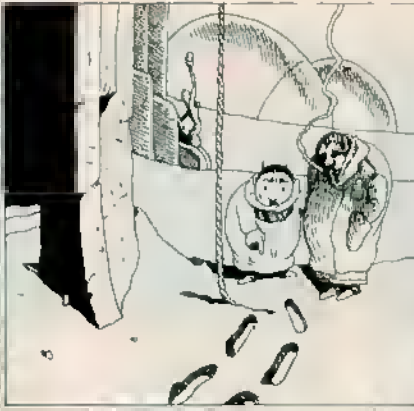


DO YOU HAVE ANY
SUSPICIONS?

IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?
BETTER ASK THAT GIRL
WHO...







ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO HELP WITH THE SEARCH MEET HERE IN TWO MINUTES!

I'M WITH YOU!
I WANT HIM
DEAD OR
ALIVE!

RELAX, MAN, THIS ISN'T
A WESTERN!

TWO BY TWO, BEHIND ME!

TO BE
CONTINUED

SCRIPT ZHA-ART NICOLE CLAVELUX

EMPIRE

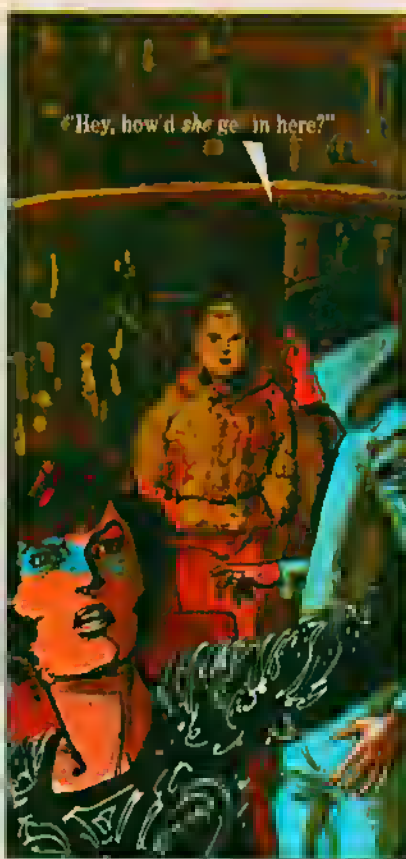
by Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin

The year is 6279. The fascist Künduke have extended their grip over a thousand worlds as varied as the colors of our spectrum. The rebel Qreton, having escaped the infamous generals, Loiptix and Akbrum, plots the upheaval of the empire through the secrets of the lost key to life—the nexus of information used by the Künduke.

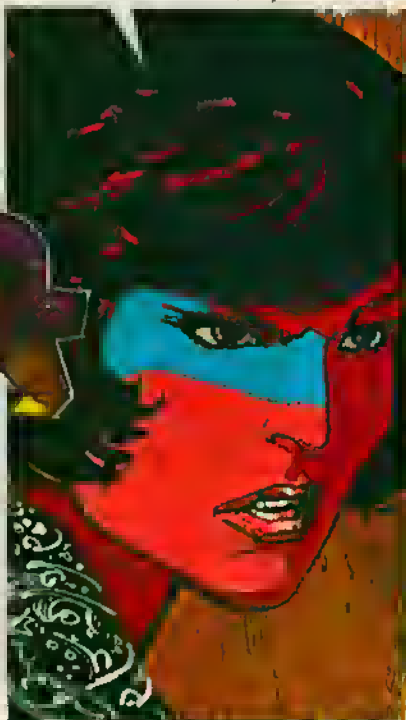
In her escape from Eyrth, Qreton is saved by Wryn, a young college student. Swept up on the rebel's *Proteus* ship, Wryn faces the tragedy and exhilaration of an interplanetary quest for freedom in a ravaged galaxy less innocent and far more dangerous than his own.



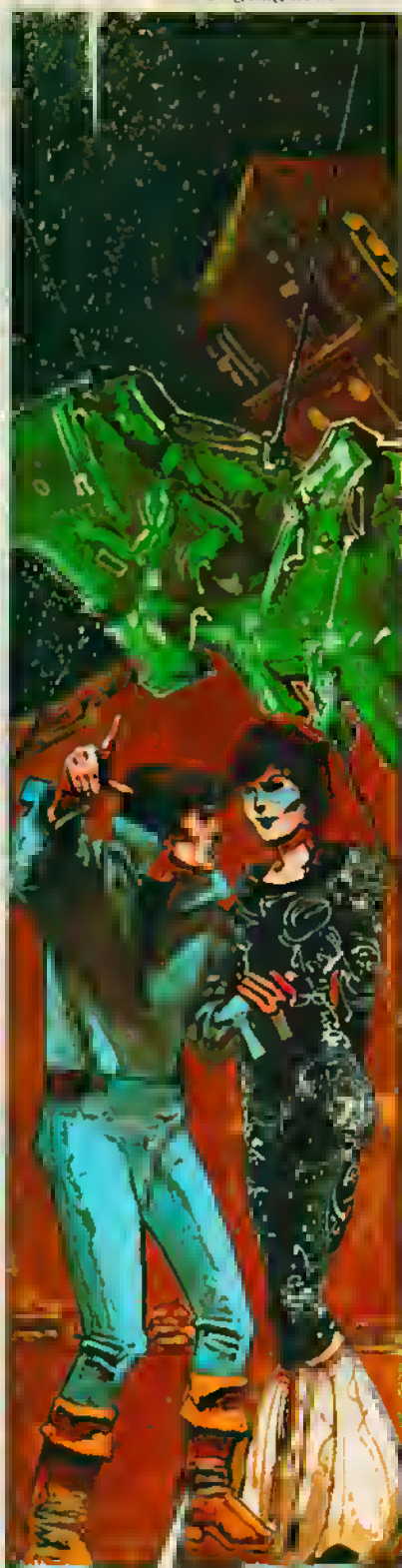
...and a sleek, racing yacht slipped away from the Künduke drones, who still searched for a tiny fighting craft.



"Blaz and I have traveled together half a dozen years, deviling the Künduke on world after world. You've signed on in the middle of an adventure, boy."

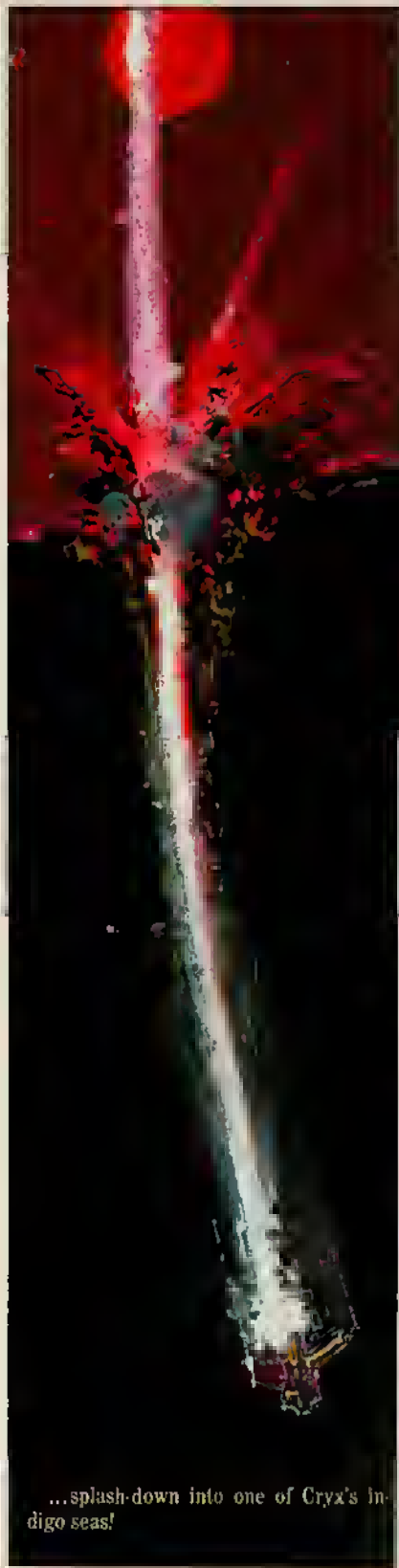


"Then tell me about the crystal fragment and where we're going now!"



"Though you saved my life, I'd still be a fool to trust you. All I'll say is that our next stop is a world called ..."

...Cryx!" Hurl a handful of light years over your shoulder, fall past a pocked and pitted moon...

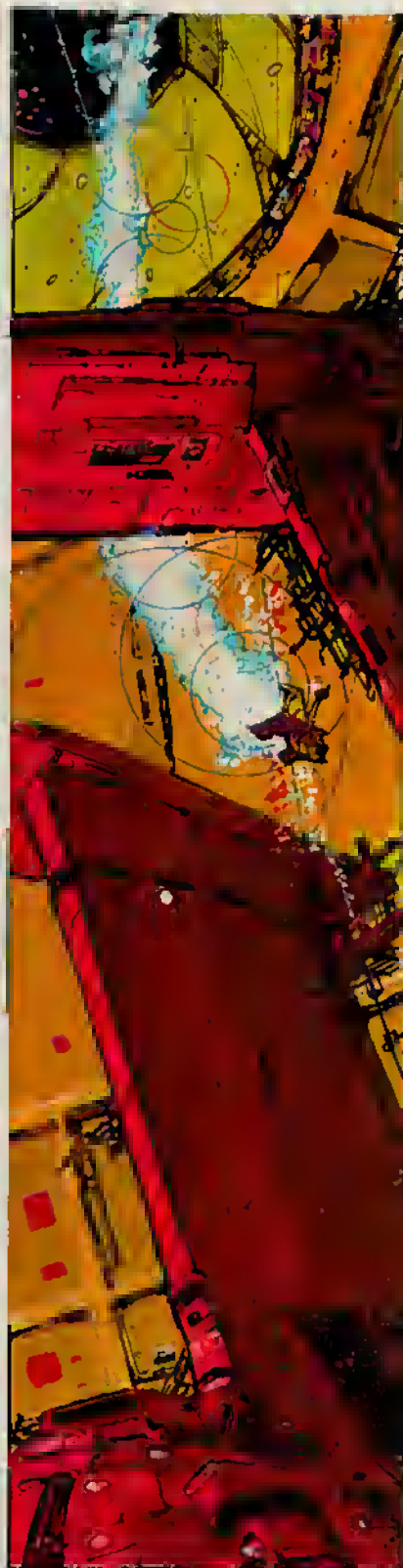
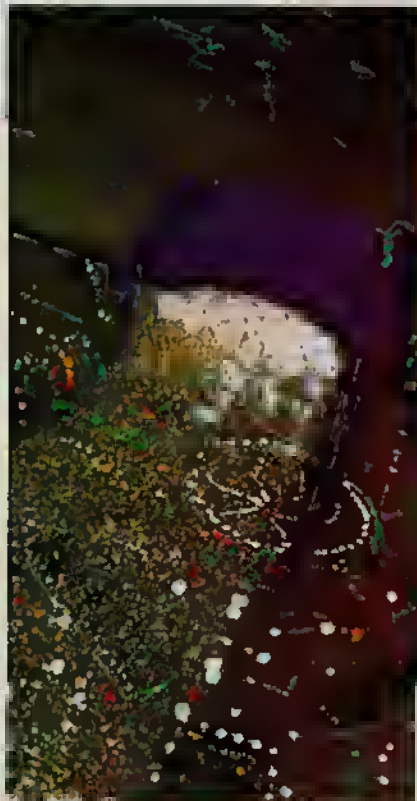


...splash-down into one of Cryx's indigo seas!

"There's the sea-floor lock!"



The Proteus sank toward the opening lock of an under-sea mining city.



The tiny ship, sea-water steaming from her hull-plates, settled among the huge ore freighters in the mine city of Mula-bolge.



Qrelon and Blaz, with Wryn foil wing, left the transport hangar and entered Malabolge.



"Now the next step in my plan--"



"Qrelon, look how that guard's bullying the miner!"

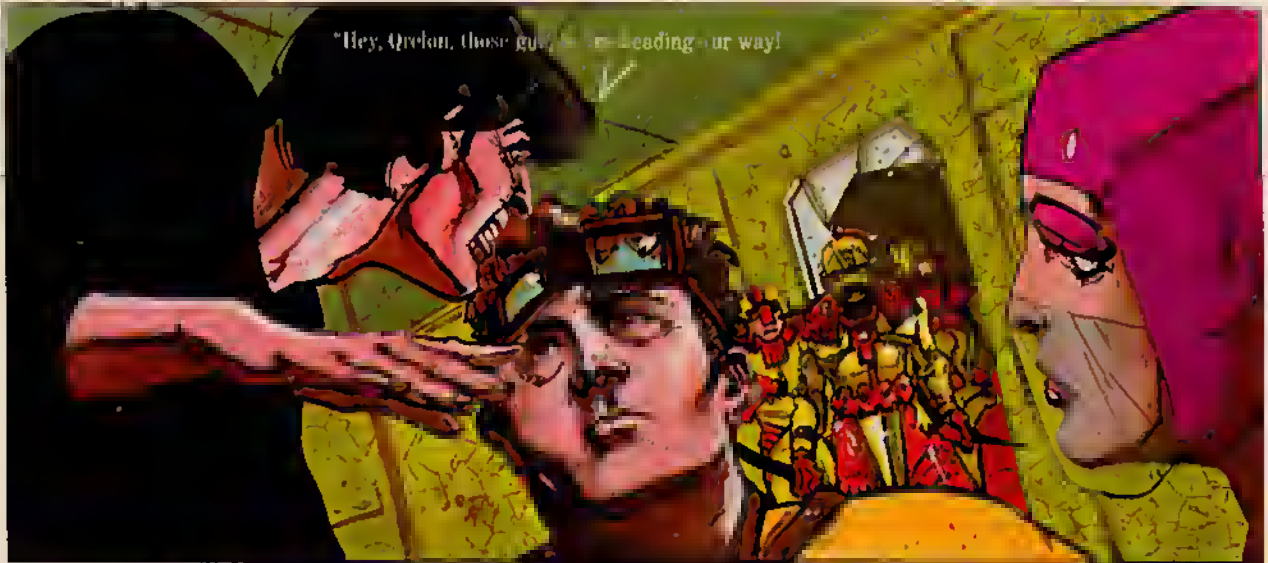
After whispered instructions to Wryn and Blaz....

"Why bother the poor fool, Guard? My friends will take care of him."

Soon, at a bar: "You mean you've worked in Malabolge all your life, Grimke, and you've never seen the surface of your world?"

"That's life on Cryx under the Kündūke, boy."

"Sir, you gave order to report any strangers..."



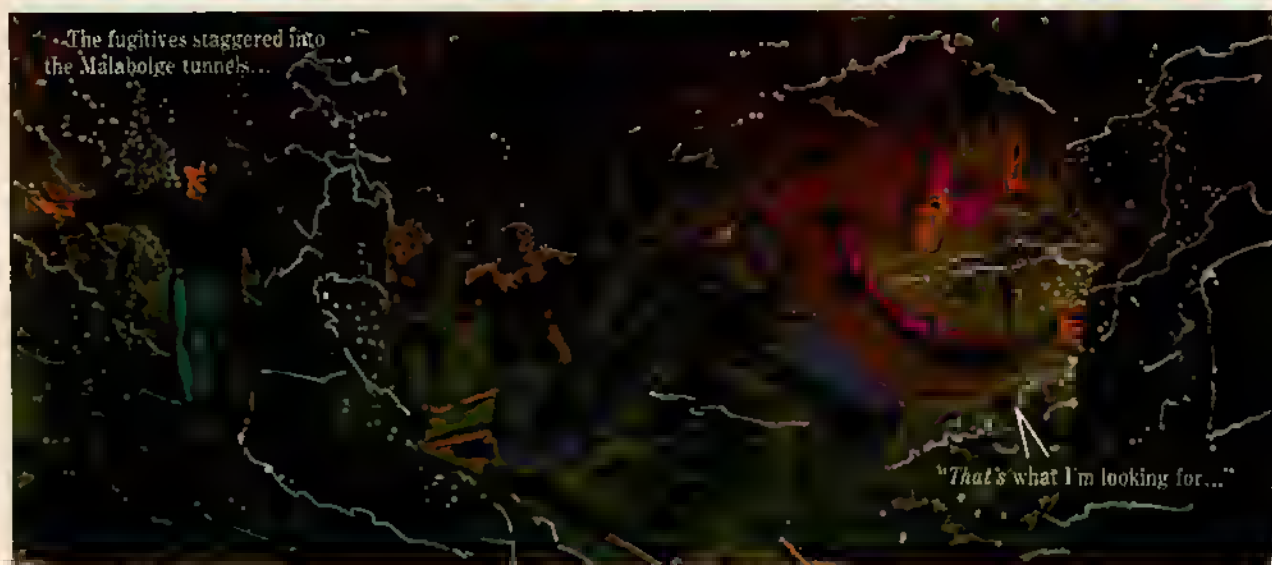


The three fugitives and the miner fled
beyond the blaster's energy wall.

"Lord Akbrum, since your return from the Kündüke conference, a report has come in. We think it's Qrelon..."



The fugitives staggered into
the Málabolge tunnels...



"That's what I'm looking for..."

The outlaw held up the fragment, strangely similar to another back on the Proteus...

"I hear guards coming!"

"Wryn, take this! Blaz, get them back to the Proteus. Grimke, you know about the shafts to the surface?"

"Sure, but we better hurry! The guards are getting closer!"

When Blaz, Wryn, and Grimke reached
the transport hangar...

"Hurry, will you! There're more than
one guard platoon after our tails!"

"Where's Qreton? If the guards catch
sight of this yacht..."

"Don't worry. The holographic projectors are still warm."

And the... us adjusts its sha...

"Nothing but big babies
in this hangar. No way
to tell them apart."

"Then let's start
searching down there."

In their respite, Wryn and Grimke followed Blaz's orders and once more headed for the mine tunnels.

Grimke unwrapped the rope from his waist. So often he'd used them to climb down, but *this* time...

Grimke had known of these shafts, but he'd never climbed one before. At the head of the rope, he hauled himself up toward a spot of light...

"You're *sure* Qreton wants us to leave the fragment on the ship and get to the surface?"

"Go on, boy! I'll catch you if you fall."

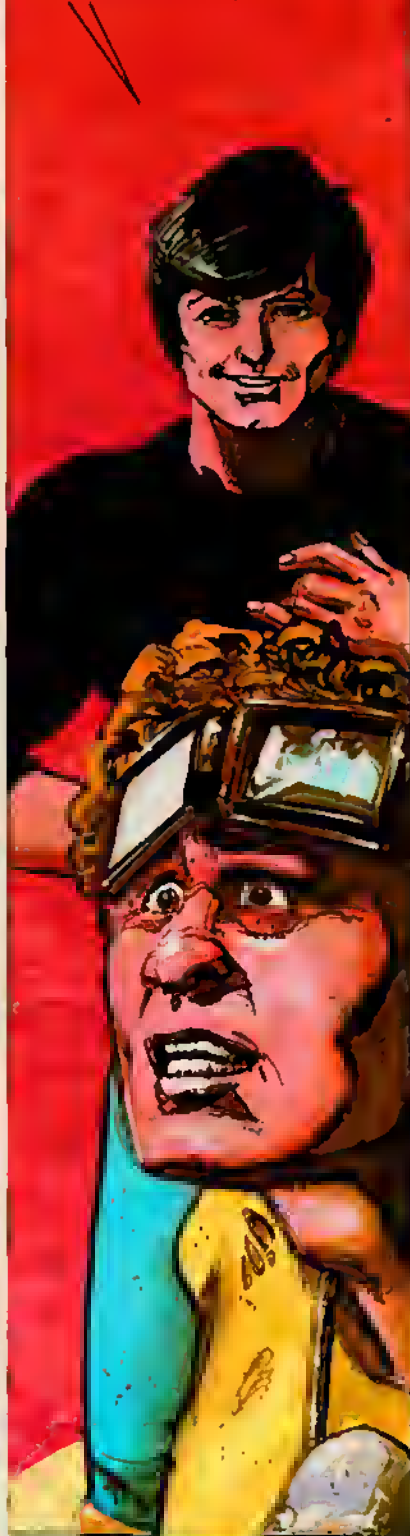
and as the light grew within him grew a strange anxiety.

"Qrelon! You must have come up one of the other shafts. What a sight for sore eyes!"



"It's good to see the three of you again, too!"

"This is your first trip all the way up. How do you like what you see, Grimke?"



But the miner's face grew more and more distressed, until suddenly he turned...




...back into the crevice...

...down to the familiar, the safe...

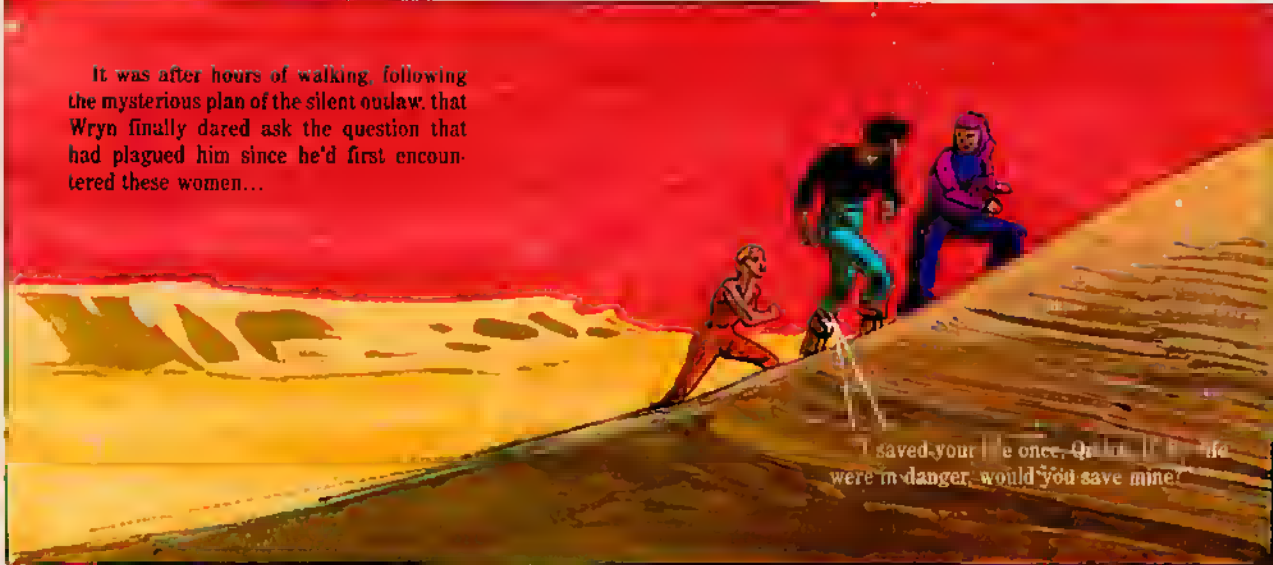
...to scramble down...

...down to the comforting darkness...

...down to Malabolge.



"Well, Grimke *didn't* sign on our adventure. He'll be happier below. And we have some walking to do."



It was after hours of walking, following the mysterious plan of the silent outlaw, that Wryn finally dared ask the question that had plagued him since he'd first encountered these women...

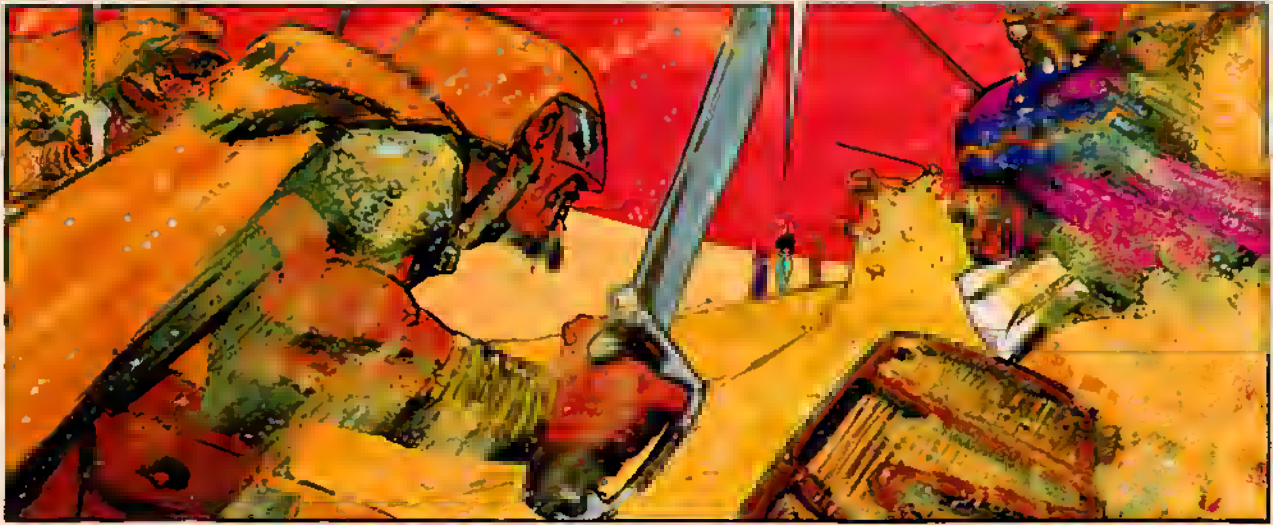
"I saved your life once. Q... if you were in danger, would you save mine?"

If it furthered my plan for revenge on the Kändöke, I'd save you; but if saving you hindered my plan in any way...



"...I'd let you die in a minute."

"Those nomads, Qreion! Maybe we'll *both* die now!"



"Hold it, Wryn! Qreion knows them."



"Qreion, my sister in crime! As long as you hate the Kündüke, you are as a mother to me and as a daughter."

"And you still smell like a viperous desert lizard in estrus. It's good to see you, Vibik."



"Vibek, will you take us to the Kunard landing site?"

Gladly, Qreion—and I can show you shortcuts through these sands you'd never have found alone.



As the sun seared the Crysian sands,
the outlaws and the desert bandits
tramped hour upon hour. And again Weyn
began to wonder how he had become part
of this violent, dirty, sweaty band.



"Qreion, please... tell me at least who
you are and why you hate the Kündike?"



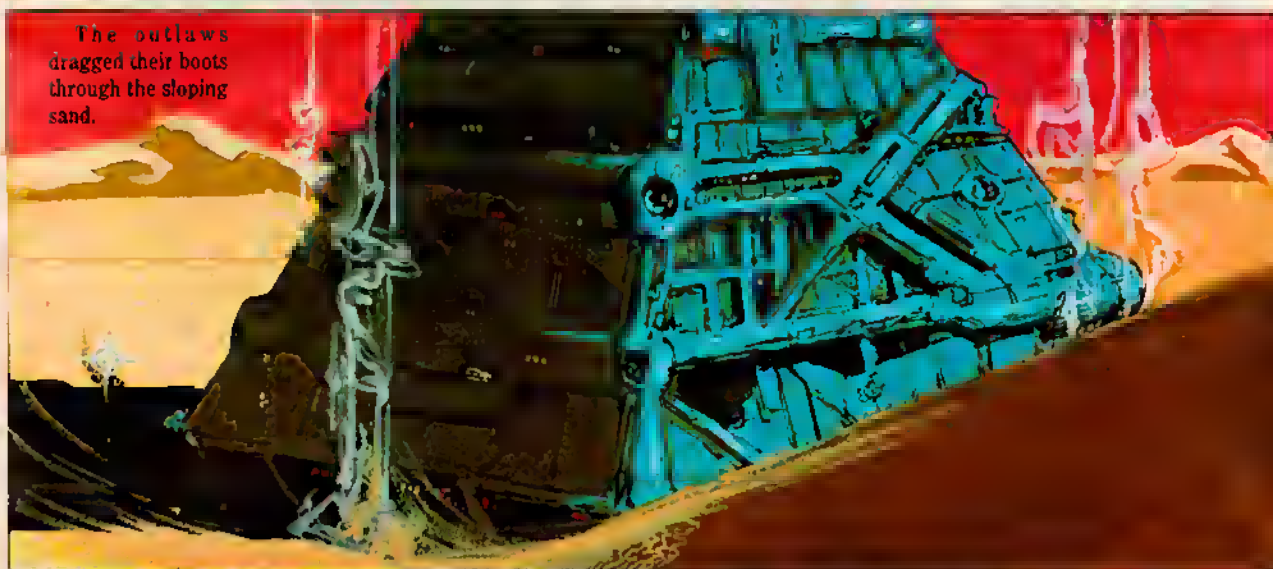
"The simple story, boy? Once I lived on a lush and beautiful world—the Kündike raped it, smashed it, twisted it and tortured it into something ugly, hideous, unfit for animal or human life. That's what the legends say—in those corners of the universe where I am legend. But when you consider how big a world is, and just how much you'd have to do to rape, smash, and twist the extent of it... well, then you begin to realize what a simple minded story that is. The complex one—the one you might even say was true? Bah! It's too hot for stories today, boy!"

"Then don't tell me stories, Qreion. Tell me facts. What are those two fragments we left behind on the Proteus? What is this plan you talk about? Qreion, what is it you want?"

The woman laughed harshly. "Suppose I told you that there were more of those crystal fragments that, when put together, would make a whole? What information would you have then? You want the complex story? In an empire as vast as the worlds that wheel about us, the control of physical forces—armies and the like—is a very small part of political power. But if you control information—how to make ten weapons as effective as an army of ten thousand men, or how one boy can build radios more efficient than those produced by a thousand women workers in an industrial factory—then you have real power, the power of the Kündike. You ask about my plan? A plan is nothing but information, boy. For instance, look here..."



"...That great pyramid—one of the Kunard liners—is a tourist ship that has landed here to watch the desert sunset."



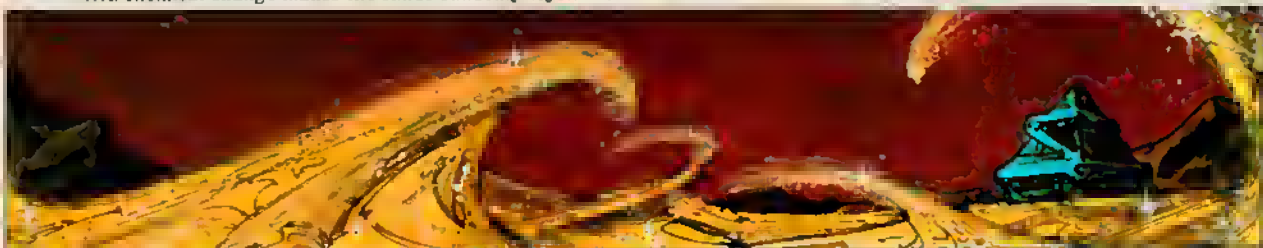
The outlaws
dragged their boots
through the sloping
sand.

"Why do they want to watch sunset from here? I mean, in half an hour, even the most glorious sunset—"

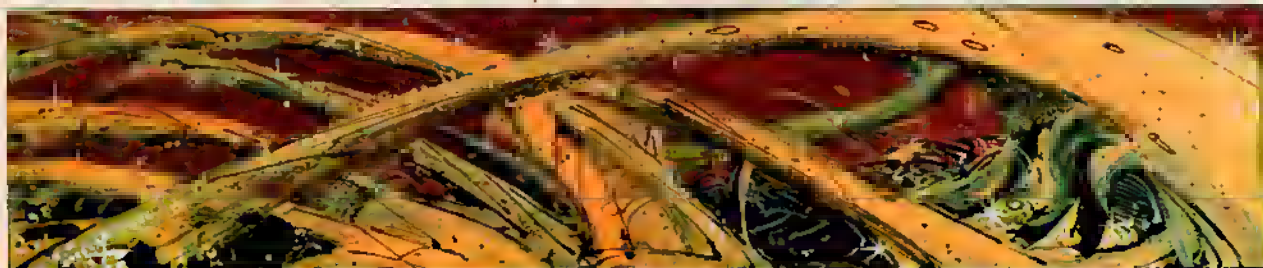


"But you know nothing about the sands of this desert. At sunset, when the temperature lowers..."

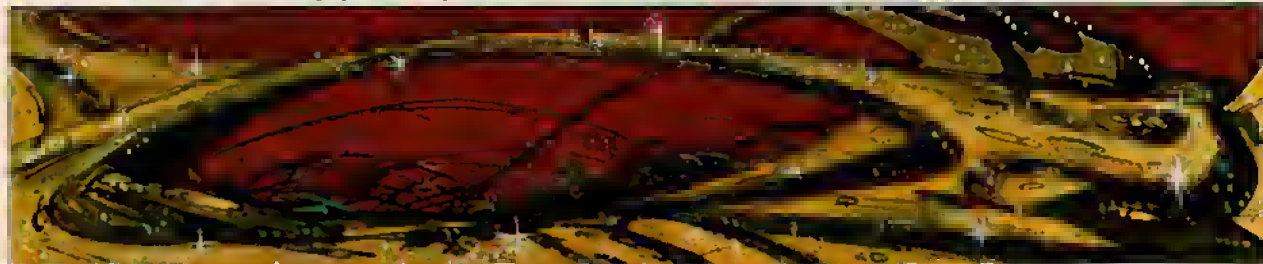
"...a chemical change makes the sands suddenly crystalize!"



The tourists clustered at the liner's view-porch.



Between the flickering spires and spears...



... Lord Akbrum's squealing desert lizard powdered the dunes beneath jade claws.





Among efflorescent sand-shapes, a narrow-eyed Qrelon pulled out a silent blaster; and Vibik, howling loud as a lizard, heaved up his sword arm.



The nomads met Akbrum's troops with anger and steel.



Qrelon turned her weapon...



But a chance blow deflected her ea

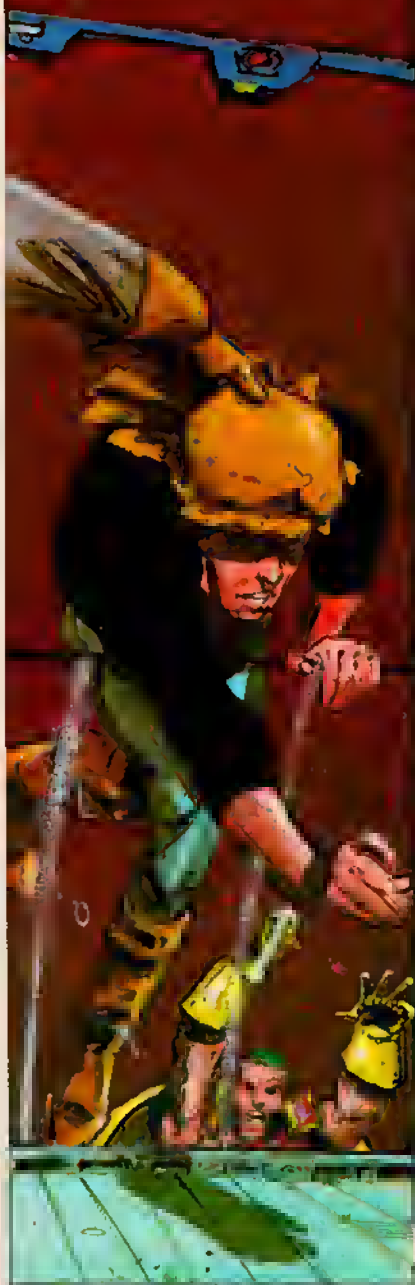


"I remember you, boy!"



"You saved the outlaw's life on Eyrth!"

Wryn scrambled through an opening in the viewing porch on the liner's flank.



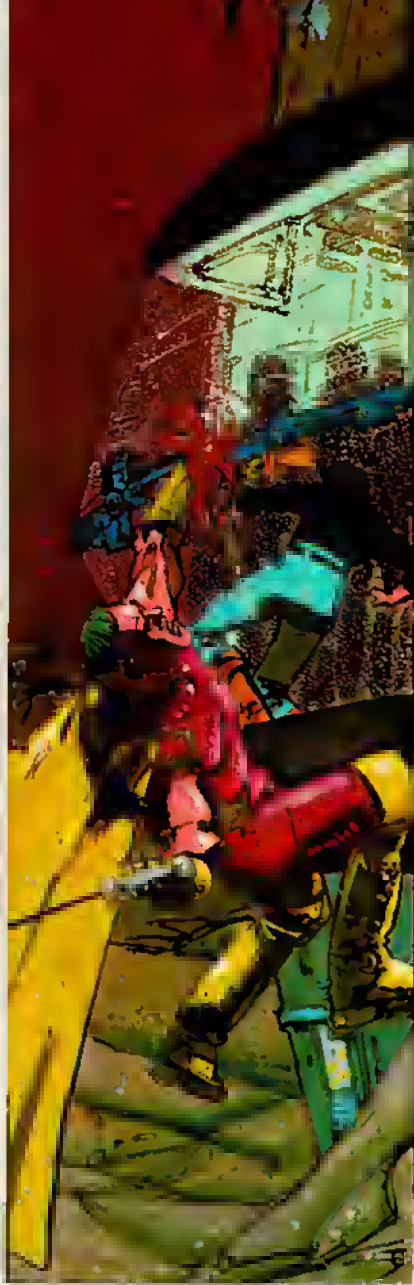
And while Lord Akbrum leaped after him...

...on the liner's bridge, Captain Akbrum made a decision.



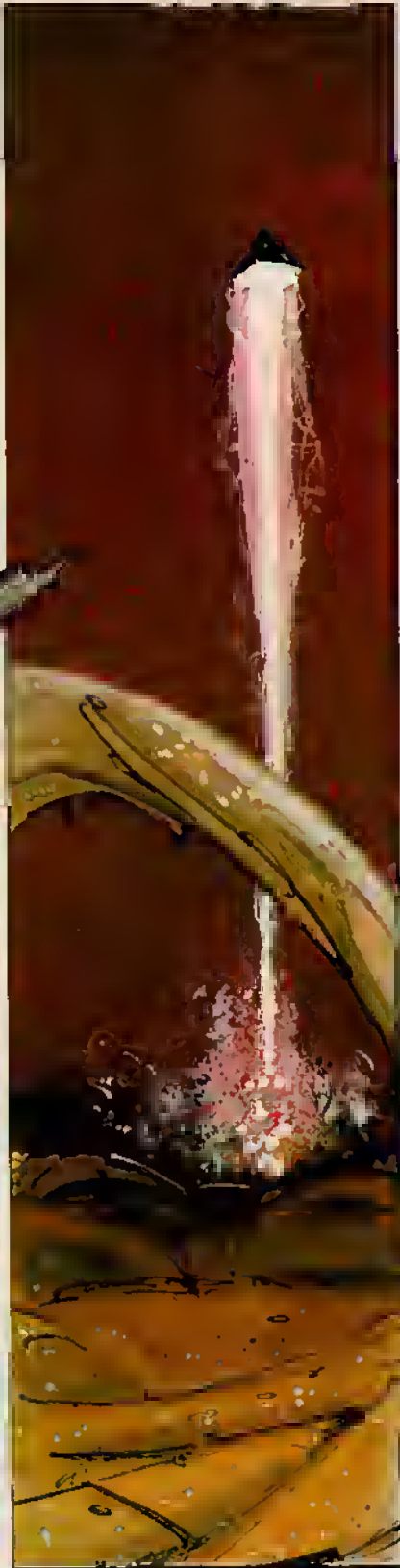
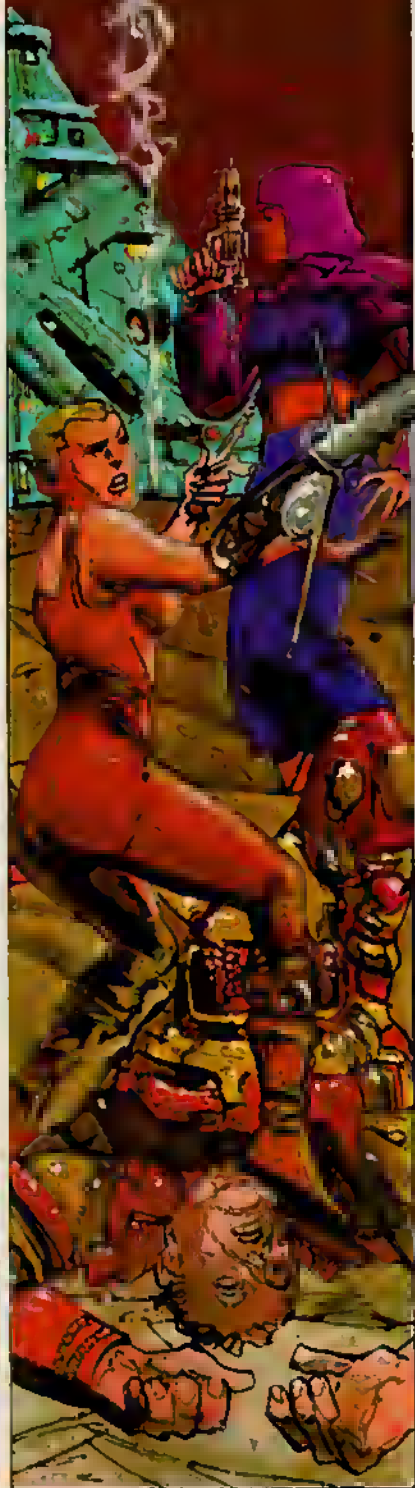
"I think you're right, Captain. Sunsets are one thing, but local desert skirmishes are another. Attention: all porches closed! Prepare to take off!"

As Wryn staggered among the astonished tourists...



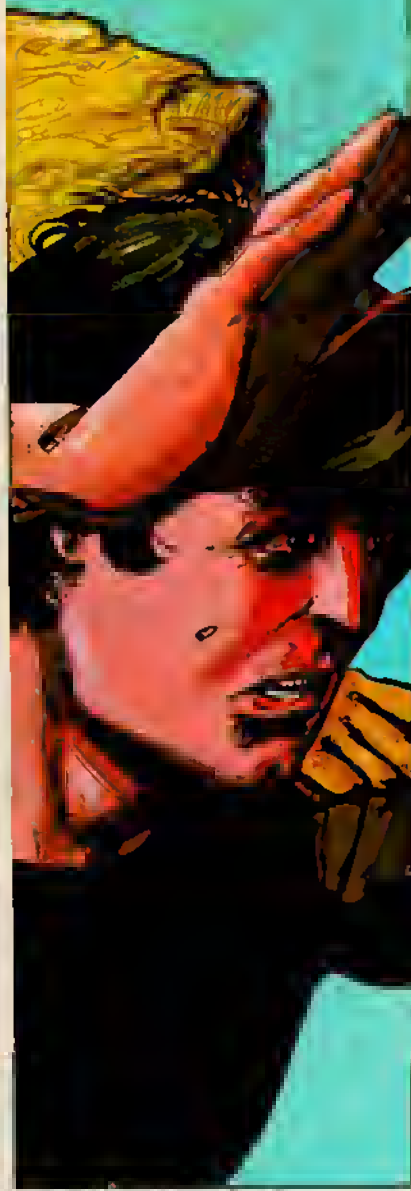
...Lord Akbrum screamed in pain, for the vitryl panels had severed, at a chop, flesh, nerve, blood, and bone.

As Lord Akbrum fell back to the crystallized sands, the liner's anti-gravity boosters began to whine above the battle din.



The ship's anti-gravity lifts were silent. Below, on the glittering sands, brawling shapes shouted, squealed, and cursed.

And at the liner's sealed viewporch:
"Qreton! Blaz! I didn't mean to leave you!
I...!"



Wryn was so upset that, for a moment, he didn't even feel the hand on his shoulder. Then...



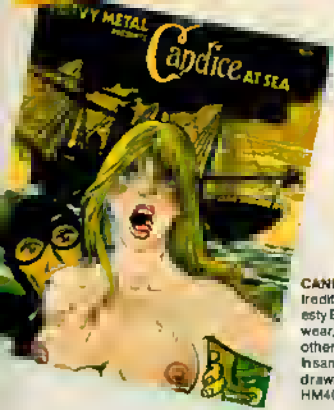
FROM HEAVY METAL



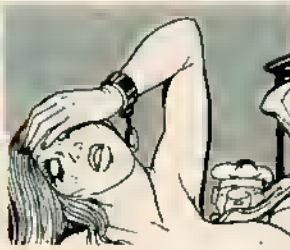
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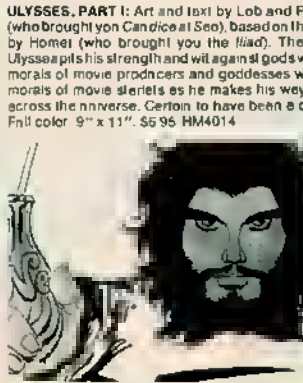
ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the men who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astonishing color you will ever see on paper \$6.95. HM4011



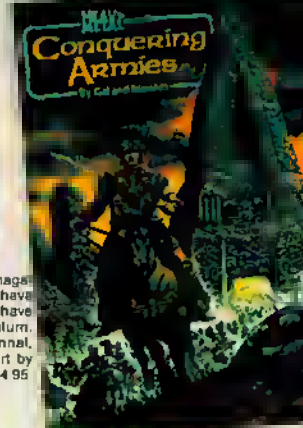
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CONQUERING ARMIES: From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of Ierrec horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war—who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal* Huriant editor Jean-Pierre Dionnal, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 1/2" x 13 1/2". \$4.95. HM4013



ULYSSES, PART I: Art and text by Lob and Picherd (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color 9" x 11". \$6.95. HM4014



IS MAN GOOD?: From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Bellade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque little story. This fifty-six page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius. *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9" x 11" \$5.95. HM4015



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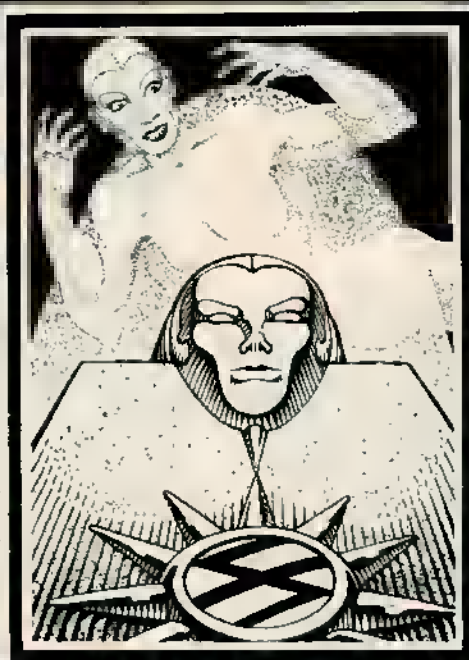
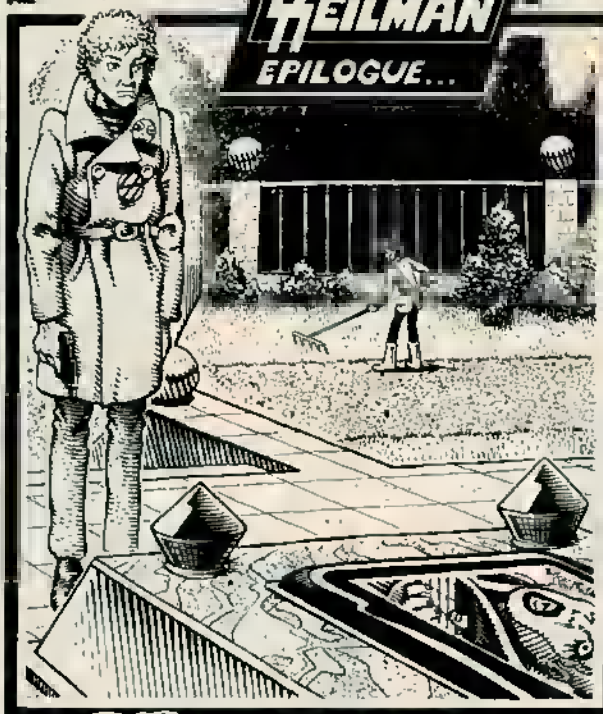
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#HEILMAN

EPILOGUE...

AS A YOUNG FAN WEEPS AT THE IDOL'S TOMB, A PISTOL IN HIS HAND, HEILMAN, SEVERAL FEET BELOW GROUND, TRIES IN VAIN TO REVIVE HIS MORTAL REMAINS...



THE YOUNG GROUPIE'S GLANCE IS RIVETED TO THE SCREEN, WHERE NONSTOP FOOTAGE OF HEILMAN'S LIFE, SESSIONS, AND CONCERTS IS PROJECTED...



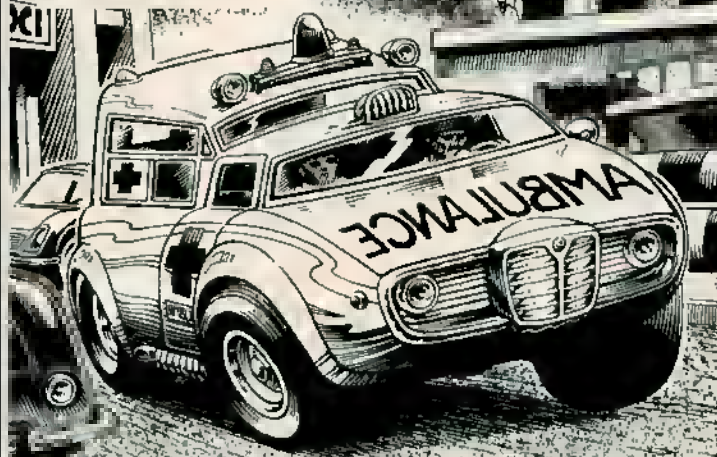
HE KNEELS BEFORE THE TOMB...

...AIMS HIS GUN AT HIS HEART...

...AND FIRES!!

A FEW MINUTES
LATER, AN AMBU-
LANCE SPEEDS TO-
WARD THE CEME-
TERY, ITS SIRENS
SCREAMING...

... SUMMONED BY THE
GUARD AT HEILMAN'S
MAUSOLEUM, A WIT-
NESS TO THE
ATTEMPTED SUICIDE...

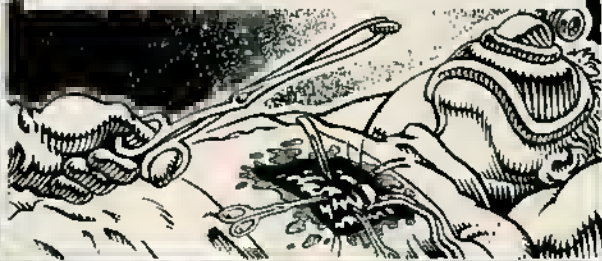


THE ORDERLIES TRY TO KEEP THE
DESPERATE YOUTH ALIVE UNTIL THEY
REACH THE HOSPITAL...



BUT A LITTLE LATER - WITH THE WOUND
CLOSED AND SUTURED - THE WOUNDED
BOY'S PULSE FALTERS...

... WHERE THE SURGEONS, WITH INFINITE
CARE, MANAGE TO EXTRACT THE BULLET,
WHICH FORTUNATELY HAS NOT TOUCHED HIS
HEART...



... TO THE GREAT DESPAIR OF THE
SURGICAL TEAM, WHICH IS UNABLE TO
BRING BACK TO LIFE THE INERT
CORPSE.

FORCED TO ADMIT THEIR DEFEAT,
THEY QUICKLY LEAVE THE OPERATING
ROOM, UNAWARE OF...



...THE PRESENCE OF A BEING—NONE
OTHER THAN HEILMAN'S GHOST—
BENDING OVER THE CORPSE OF
THE YOUNG FAN...



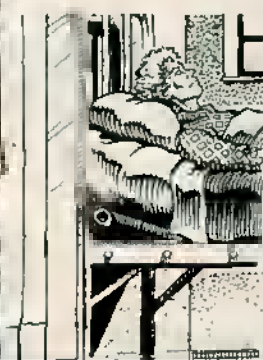
WHEN THE NURSE COMES TO PICK UP THE
CORPSE TO TAKE IT BACK TO THE MORGUE,
THEY NOTICE A RESPIRATORY MOVEMENT
LIFTING THE SHEET COVERING THE BODY...

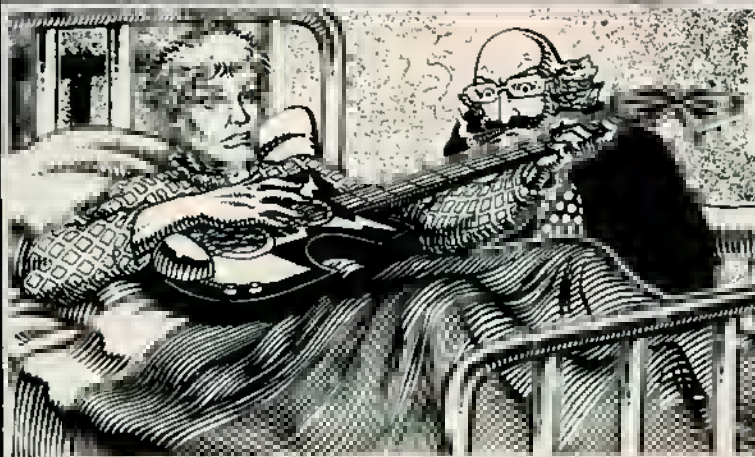


NEXT DAY, THIS NEWS ITEM APPEARS ON
PAGE EIGHT OF THE DAILY PAPER, AND
ATTRACTS THE INTEREST OF HEILMAN'S
FORMER MANAGER, ALWAYS ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR A QUICK BUCK...



MOVED BY FATE, OR
SENSING A WAY TO AUG-
MENT HIS BANK ACCOUNT,
HE PRESENTS HIM-
SELF AT THE HOS-
PITAL, OFFERING
THE YOUNG CON-
VALESCENT HIS
IDOL'S GUITAR...





HAVING ADMITTED HIS INABILITY TO PLAY A SINGLE NOTE, HE NOW BEGINS TO PLAY HEILMAN'S RIFFS BENEATH THE GREEDY GAZE OF THE SHOW BUSINESSMAN



WHEN HE HAS CONVALESCED FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, HE IS PRESENTED TO THE ROCK CRITICS AS HEILMAN'S SPIRITUAL HEIR—OR EVEN AS HIS REINCARNATION...



IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER IT IS A MYTH OR A PUBLICITY STUNT, FOR IN REALITY THE FASCINATION HE EXERCISES OVER THE CROWD IS THE WORK OF A SUPERNATURAL POWER...



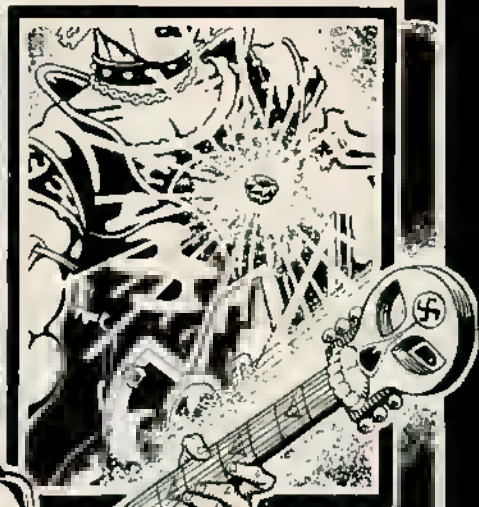
...AT HIS FIRST CONCERT, EVEN HIS GROUP, THE ROCKBOTS, SEEM BEWITCHED BY...



...A MYSTERIOUS MAGNETISM,
INDEFINABLE, BUT CLOSELY
ASSOCIATED WITH...

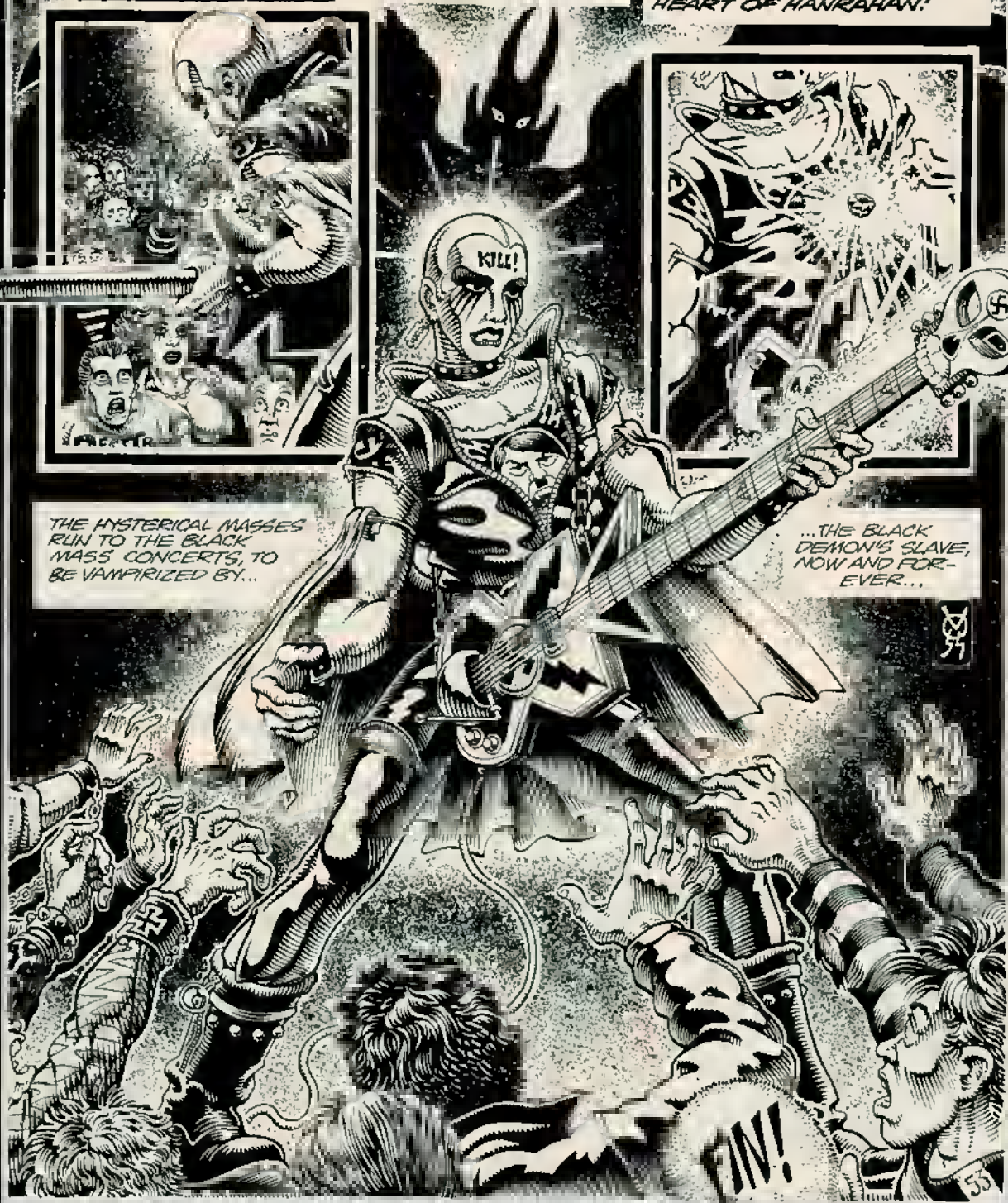
...AN IMPERCEPTIBLE
SHADOW HOVERING
ABOVE HEILMAN'S
SUCCESSOR...

...AND SUBTLY CONNECTED TO
A BLACK DIAMOND VIBRATING
CLOSE TO THE ROCKER'S
HEART... THE DIABOLICAL
HEART OF HANRAHAN!



THE HYSTERICAL MASSES
RUN TO THE BLACK
MASS' CONCERTS, TO
BE VAMPIRIZED BY...

...THE BLACK
DEMON'S SLAVE,
NOW AND FOR-
EVER...



DC

BARBARELLA'S BORN AGAIN!

THE FIRST AND FINEST OF
FEMALE FANTASY
ADVENTURERS TAKES ON
THE TOUGHEST ANTAGONISTS
SHE'S EVER HAD TO FACE IN
THIS COLLECTION OF ALL
NEW EPISODES FROM THE
PEN OF CREATOR JEAN-
CLAUDE FOREST.

BARBARELLA'S SPACED-
OUT IN OUTER SPACE,
GOING EVERY WHICH WAY—
INCLUDING THE FAMILY WAY!
ALSO FEATURED A
RETROSPECTIVE BRINGING
AMERICAN READERS UP-TO-
DATE WITH THE QUEEN OF
THE COSMOS, PLUS ACTION
STILLS FROM THE HIT
FEATURE FILM STARRING
JANE FONDA. A PRIME
PACKAGE OF SCI-FI FUN
FROM HEAVY METAL BOOKS



HEAVY METAL HM 1178
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YES, PLEASE SEND ME
COPY (S) OF
BARBARELLA: THE MOON
CHILD I ENCLOSE \$6.95
FOR EACH COPY.

PLEASE ADD 60¢ FOR
POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

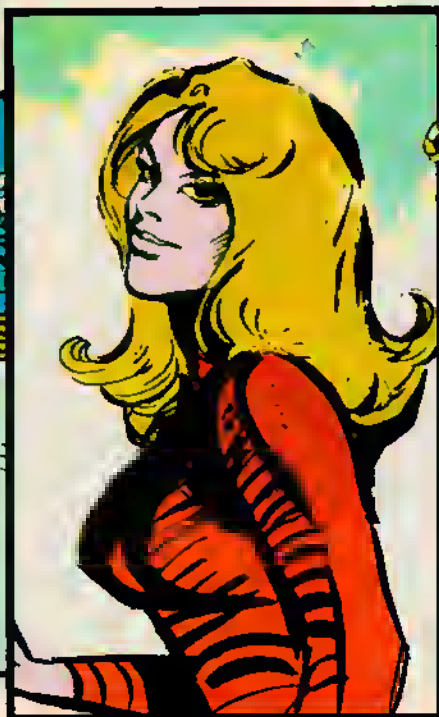
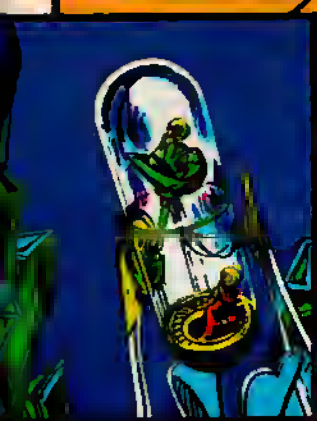
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NEW YORK CITY, ADD 8%.
FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE
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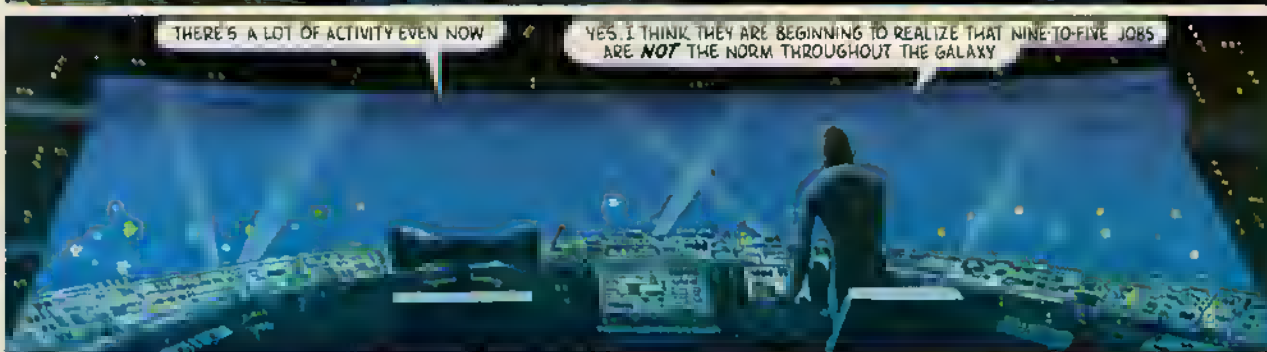
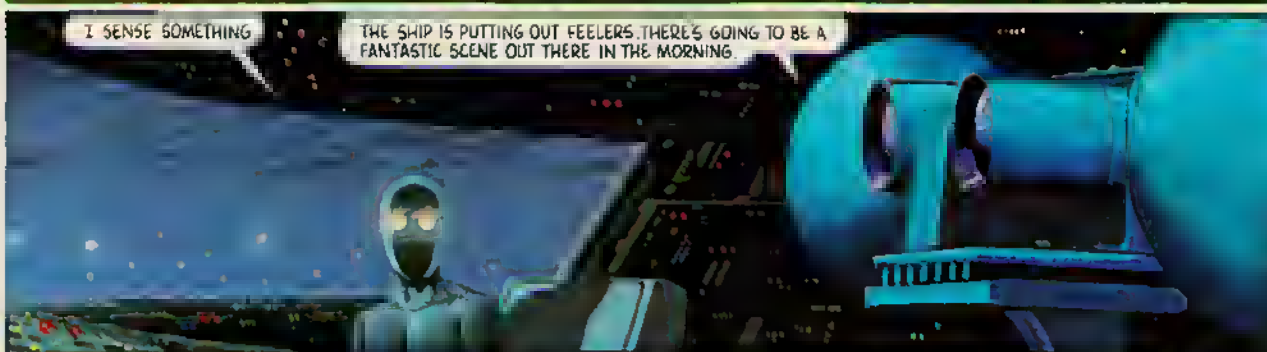
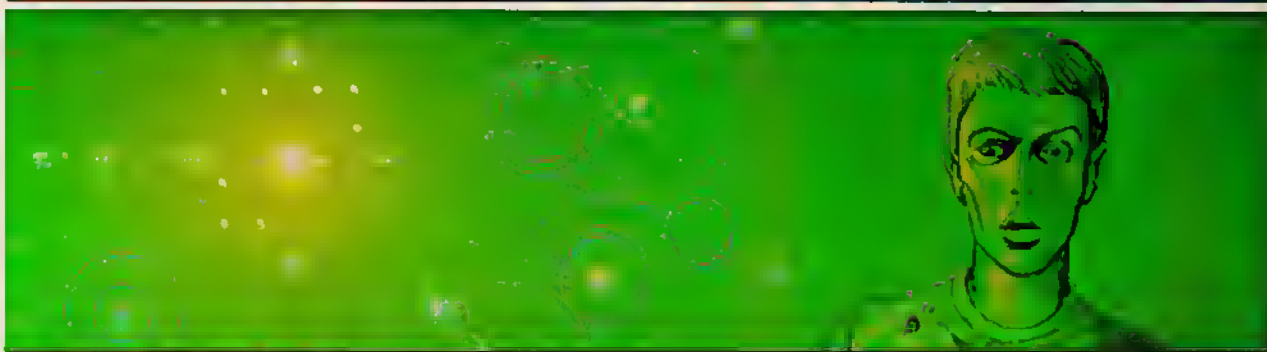
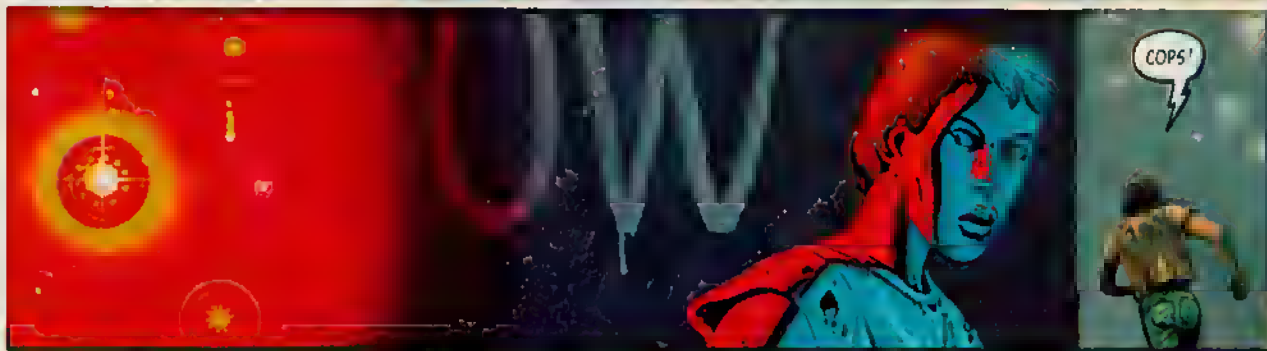
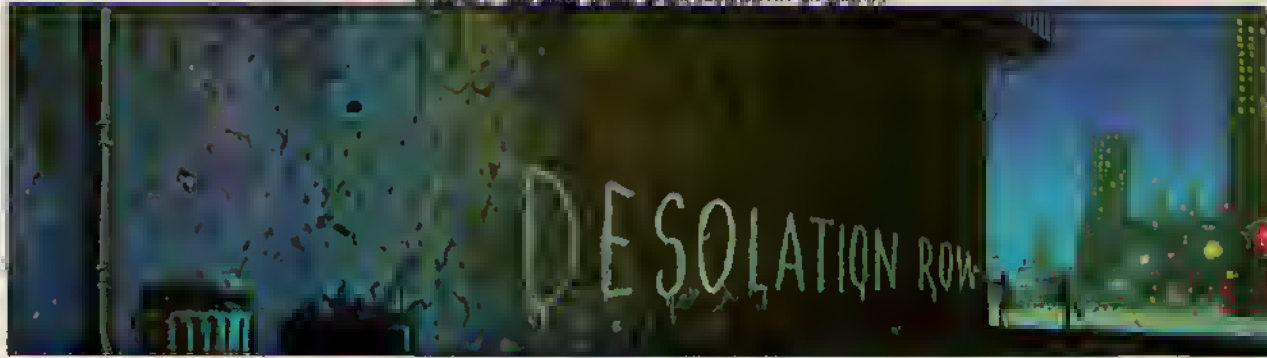
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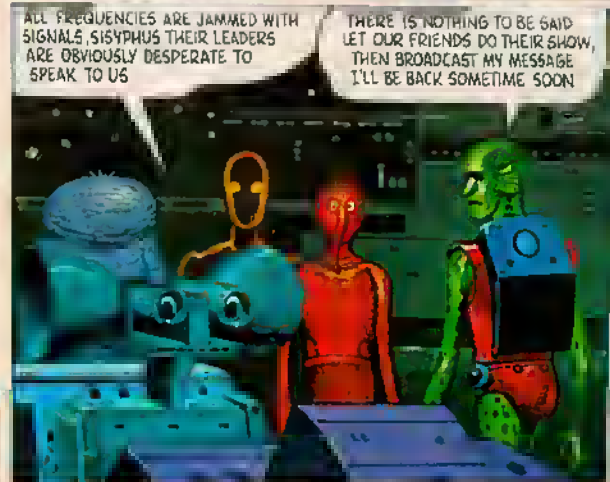
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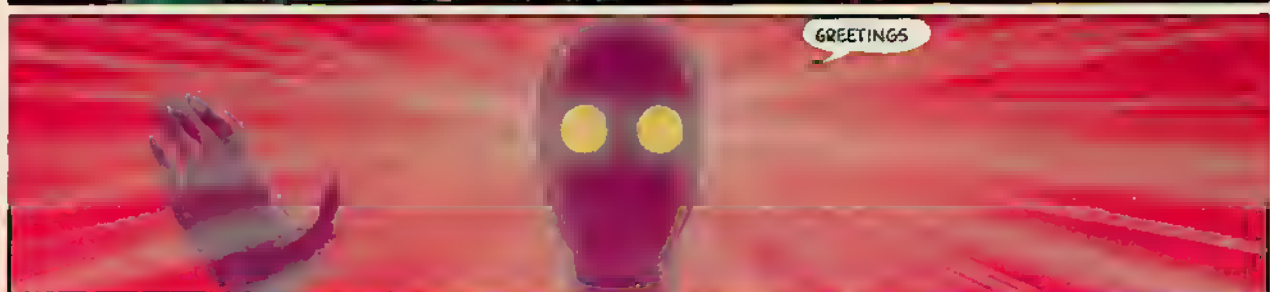
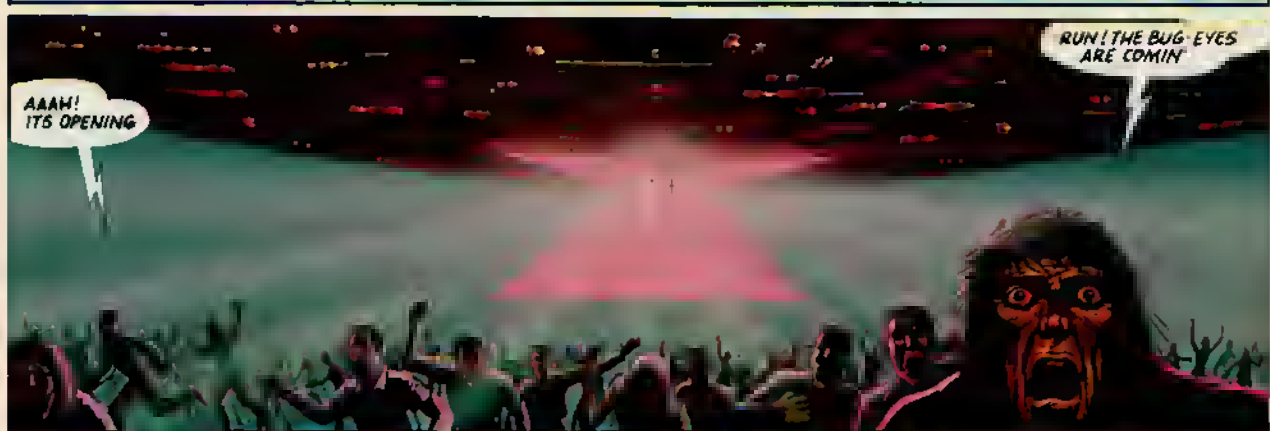


SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE 1 THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER TOUCHDOWN ON EARTH







AND NOW...TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER...
LEVITATION, LITTLE PEOPLE, BLACK RAIN...

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION, LEY LINES
AND MYSTERIOUS OOZINGS...

STIGMATA AND
INVISIBLE BARRIERS

AND, OF COURSE,
THE FEMALE BODY...

THERE IS A DEFINITE FOCUS HERE AND IT'S DEEP...
MUCH DEEPER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER
COME ACROSS BEFORE

PLANET WAVES TELL ME THAT YOU PAID
THE PRICE OF SOLITUDE... BUT THAT
NOW YOU ARE OUT OF DEBT

I AM NOW CLINGING TO THE EDGE... THE UTMOST LIMIT...



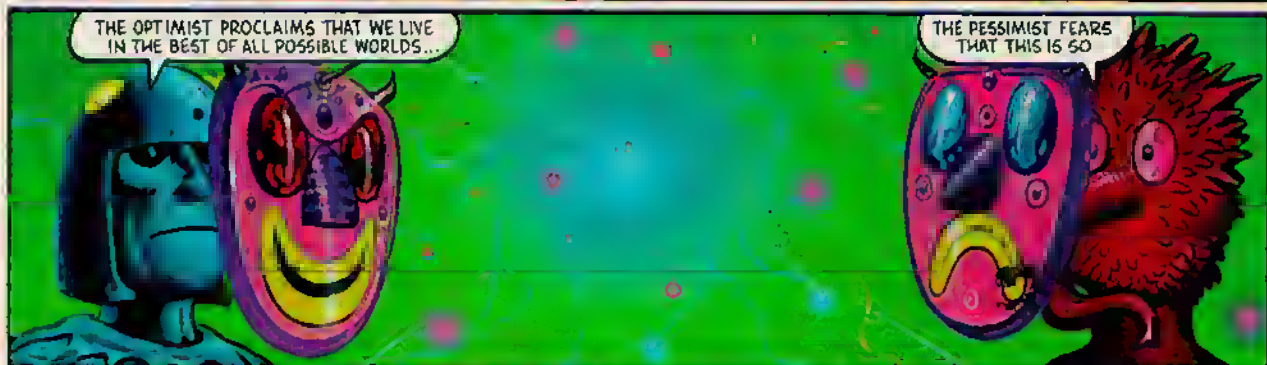
LOOK UP IN THE SKY...

THE SAME BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS WILL BE OBSERVED
BY THE DEAF AS LIGHTNING...

AND BY THE BLIND
AS THUNDER

COME ON IN, THE
AIR IS LOVELY

YOU CAN FLY, TOO, IF
YOU REALLY WANT



THE OPTIMIST PROCLAIMS THAT WE LIVE
IN THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS...

THE PESSIMIST FEARS
THAT THIS IS SO



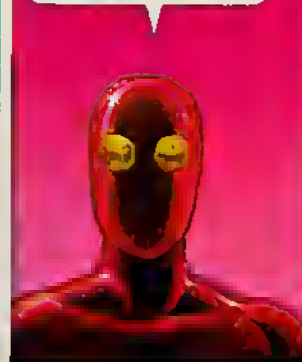
WOMEN ARE SILVER DISHES INTO WHICH
WE PUT GOLDEN APPLES



LIFE IS THE ART OF DRAWING SUFFICIENT CONCLUSIONS
FROM INSUFFICIENT PREMISES



MAN IS IMPRISONED IN A
CAGE OF MIRRORS.
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?



QUID RIDES? MUTATO NOMINE DE TE
FABULA NARRATEUR





OUR FRIENDS ARE PUTTING ON A...ER...SPECTACULAR SHOW. I WONDER WHAT THE EARTH-PEOPLE ARE MAKING OF IT ALL

ACTORS! THEY'RE THE SAME ALL OVER THE GALAXY! THEY JUST HAVE TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION. TOTALLY INSECURE, TOTALLY INSECURE



YOU RETURNED SOONER THAN I ANTICIPATED. THE EARTH-PEOPLE HAVE FREE ACCESS TO THE LOWER BAYS AS YOU INSTRUCTED AND I HAVE INFORMED THEM OF THEIR RIGHT UNDER GALACTIC BYLAW...

FREE PASSAGE TO ANY PORT OF CALL ON OUR FLIGHT PATH



THIS IS CRAZY, JOE. WE CAN'T JUST UP AND GO TO ALPHA CENTAURI! MY WIFE IS EXPECTING ME HOME AT FIVE-THIRTY!

GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WELCOME ABOARD SPACESHIP ICARUS. IF THE THOUGHT OF FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN WORRIES YOU WE ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY

BELIEVE ME, ED IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST. ANDROMEDA IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE MAFIA.

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS. IF WE GET TO ORION AND FIND OUT WE'RE NOT ENTITLED TO WELFARE...



LOOK AT THEM, TITAN. EARTH'S REJECTS, THE DEADBEATS, DROP-OUTS, DRUG ADDICTS, PIMPS, AND PROSTITUTES. THE PETTY THIEVES, GAMBLERS, AND ALCOHOLICS... ALL ON THE RUN FROM THEIR DARK, SECRETIVE PAST LIVES.



GEE! I JUST LOVE THOSE TENTACLES. ARE THEY ARMS OR LEGS?!

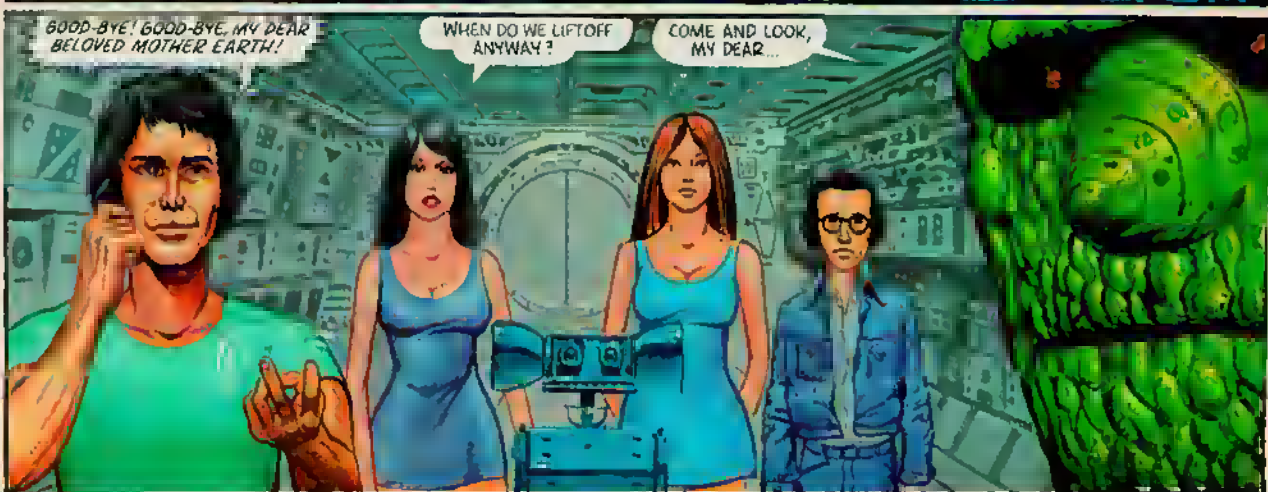
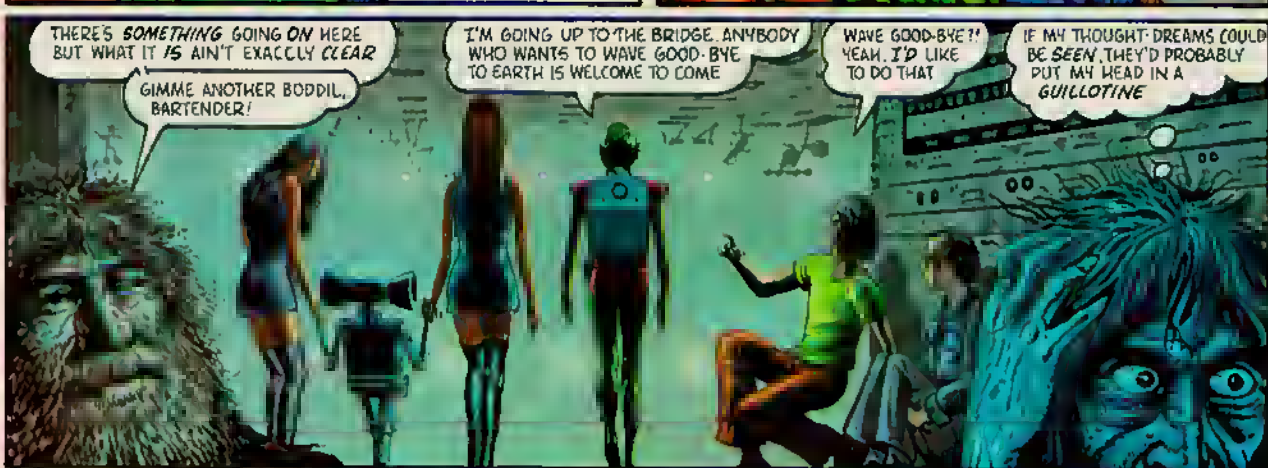
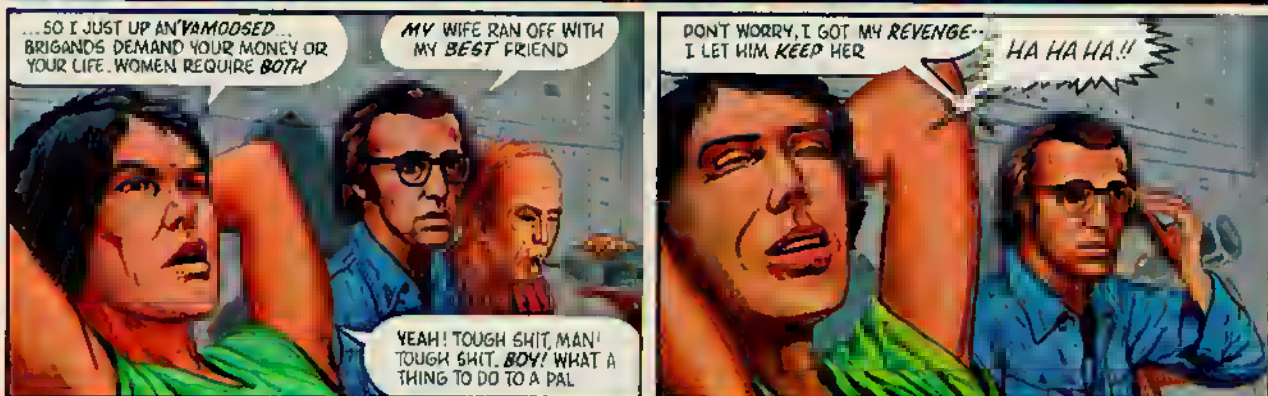
JUST DEPENDS... WHAT DO YOU DESIRE THEM TO BE?


:GIGGLE:

... AND WHEN I SAW THE LIGHTS, I KNEW THAT I WAS FINALLY, TRULY LIBERATED

THAT'S COOL, BABE

HEY THERE YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE FELLA





WE LEFT EARTH TEN MINUTES AGO.
SAY YOUR LAST FAREWELLS



JESUS CHRIST
SUPERSTAR!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST
A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF AIMLESS WANDERING IN HERE



IT'S A VERY WEIRD PLACE OUT THERE, EARTHMEN... ALTHOUGH...
IN *SOME* WAYS, IT'S STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO EARTH...

IT'S LIKE A GIANT FAIRGROUND IN A WAY, WITH
SCENES TO THRILL, ENTERTAIN, TITILLATE, SHOCK...
EVEN DISGUST...

YES... I THINK YOU'LL NEED A *LIBERAL* OUTLOOK
TO GET YOU THROUGH *THIS* GALAXY...

TO BE CONTINUED...

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!



GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you exactly how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOON MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof!!!* You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We **GUARANTEE IT!**

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • Best places to pick up girls • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • **How to talk dirty seductively** • Why girls get horny • **Fifty great opening lines** • The greatest pick up techniques in the world. • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • How to get women to pick you up

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in *their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick her up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, you'll be the one who knows how to move into action. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** costs only \$8.95—*less* than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL: A Picture Book of Love**. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with.

OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL contains over 160 photos—each one just as clear and exciting as the photograph above. These photographs are large, beautiful, and incredibly frank. They show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on a woman. And today that's more important than ever before. After all, today a woman expects a lot from a man. By the time she's twenty she's probably been in bed with at least half a dozen guys. So she knows when someone's a good lover... and when he's not so good.

That's why **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** can be such a help. It's chock full of hundreds of techniques that *overnight* can turn you into an "expert" at turning on a woman. Here are just a few of the techniques you will learn and master:

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Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!!!! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** will teach you how to thrill women so intensely, they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk.

So just don't *think* about ordering **THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE**. Really go ahead and do it. Right now. After all, in just one week it can turn you into such a vibrant, exciting lover, women will look at you in a whole new light.

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☐ I've enclosed \$8.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling.

Rush me **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!**

☐ I've enclosed \$12.95 plus \$1 postage & handling. Rush me **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL**.

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